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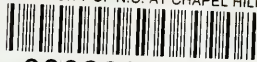
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SHORT STORIES FOR SHORT PEOPLE

SHORT STORIES

FOR

SHORT PEOPLE

BY

ALICIA ASPINWALL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

MARIE L. DANFORTH



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TO GARDNER
"THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE HOUSE"
THIS BOOK
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY HIS MOTHER

183870



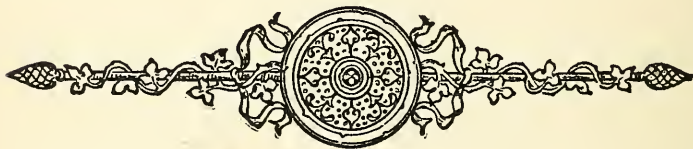
PREFATORY NOTE.

THESE stories are bits of that pure imagination of which the best types are to be found in Grimm's Collection of German Household Tales, and of which the line was so well continued by Hans Andersen. Many have tried to follow in the same path ; but none, it seems to me, have done it so well as Mrs. Aspinwall. Her stories have that pure impossibility in which children delight, that fresh vigor which carries attention along, and that suggestion which even children vaguely feel of deeper meanings. "The Quickly-Growing Squash," for instance, is to the child who hears it, as it doubtless was to the author, only a bit of frolic extravaganza ; but if it had been written—as it well might have been—by Tieck or Hoffmann or Musäus, it would have had ere now a dozen

theories and elucidations advanced by wise commentators. It would have been held to express systematically the growth of a sin or of a suspicion or of a superstition, or of any one of half a dozen other things of which the author never dreamed. That is the test of a fantasy-piece, that it has something for all; it rouses a whole swarm of analogies and suggestions, yielding a moral when the author sought only innocent fun and the delights of narration. The lover of childhood and the lover of creative imagination may alike find pleasure in this book, and it should have ten thousand readers.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.





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W. P. ...



A QUICK-RUNNING SQUASH.

CHARLES owned a garden. One morning his father called him and pointing to four stakes driven in the ground which certainly had not been there the night before, said :

“All the land within those four stakes is yours, your very own.”

Charles was delighted, and thanking his dear father ran off to get his little cart, for he wished at once to build a stone wall about his property. He did not fear it would run away, but he knew

that land-owners always walled in their possessions.

“After the wall is built,” said his father, “you may plant in your garden anything you like, and James will give you what you ask for.”

In two days the wall was built, and a good one it was too, being strong and even.

The next day James set out some plants for him, and gave the boy some seeds which he planted himself, James telling him how to do it.

He then got his watering-pot and gently sprinkled the newly planted ground with warm water. Running across the lawn he looked down the road to see if his father had not yet come from the village. His father was nowhere to be seen, but coming down the road was a most remarkable looking man. He was tall and thin and had bright red hair which had evidently not been cut for a very long time. He wore a blue coat, green trousers, red hat, and on his hands, which were large, two very dirty, ragged, white kid gloves. This wonderful man came up to

Charles and asked for a drink of water, which he, being a polite boy, at once brought. The man thanked him, and then said :

“What have you been doing this morning, little man?”

Charles told him about his new garden, and the man listened with much interest.

“Little boy,” said he, “there is one seed that you have not got.”

“And what is that?”

“The seed of the quick-running squash.”

Charles's face fell.

“I don't believe James has that, and I don't know where to get one,” he faltered.

“Now, as it happens,” said the man, “I have one of those very seeds in my pocket. It is not, however, that of the common, every-day quick-running squash. This one came from India, and is marvellous for its quick-running qualities. You have been kind to me, little boy, and I will give it to you,” and with a peculiar smile, this strange man produced from his pocket, instead of the ordinary squash seed, an odd,

round, red seed which he gave to Charles, who thanked him heartily, and who ran to plant it at once. Having done so, he went back to ask when the quick-running squash would begin to grow. But the man had disappeared, and although Charles looked up and down the dusty road, he could see nothing of him.

As he stood there, he heard behind him a little rustling noise, and turning, saw coming toward him a green vine. He had, of course, seen vines before, but never, never had he seen such a queer one as this. It was running swiftly toward him, and on the very front was a round yellow ball, about as big as an orange! Charles looking back to see where it came from, found that it started in the corner of his garden. And what had he planted in that corner? Why, to be sure, the seed of the quick-running squash which the strange man had just given him.

“Well, well, well,” he shouted, in great excitement, “what an *awfully* quick-running squash it is. I suppose that little yellow thing in front is the squash itself. But indeed it must not run

away from me, I must stop it," and he darted swiftly down the street after it.

But, alas, no boy could run as fast as that squash, and Charles saw far ahead the bright yellow ball now grown to be about the size of an ordinary squash, running and capering merrily over stones big and little, never turning out for anything, but bobbing up and down, up and down, and waving its long green vine like a tail behind it. The boy ran swiftly on. "It shall *not* get away," he panted. "It belongs to me."

But that the squash did not seem to realize at all. He did not feel that he belonged to anybody, and he *did* feel that he was a quick-running squash, and so on he scampered.

Suddenly he came to a very large rock, and stopped for a moment to take breath, and in that moment Charles caught up with him and simply sat down on him.

"Now, squash," said he, slapping him on the side, "your journey is ended."

The words were scarcely spoken when he suddenly felt himself lifted up in the air, and

6 A Quick-Running Squash.

bumpity, bump, over the stone flew the squash, carrying with him his very much astonished little master! The squash had been growing all the time, and was now about three times as big as an ordinary one. Charles, who had a pony of his own, knew how to ride, but never had he ridden anything so extraordinary as this. On they flew, "roll, waddle, bump, *bump*; roll, waddle, *bang*," the boy digging his knees hard into the sides of the squash to avoid being thrown. He had a dreadfully hard time. Mount the next quick-running squash you meet, and you will see for yourself how it is.

To Charles's great delight he now saw his father coming toward him, riding his big black horse Nero, who was very much frightened when he saw the boy on such a strange yellow steed. But Nero soon calmed down at his master's voice, and turning, rode along beside the big squash, although he had to go at full speed to do so. "Gallopity-gallop" went Nero and "bumpity-bump" went the squash. Papa lost his hat (Charles had parted with his long before).

“What are you doing, my son, and what, *what* is it you are riding?” asked his father.

“A quick-running squash, Papa,” gasped Charles, who, although bruised and aching, refused to give up the squash, and was still pluckily keeping his seat. “Stop it, oh, do stop it, Papa.”

His father knew that this could be no ordinary squash, and saw that it evidently did not intend to stop.

“I will try to *turn* it and make it go back,” he said, so riding Nero nearer and nearer the squash, he forced it up against a stone wall. But, instead of going back, this extraordinary squash jumped with scarcely a moment’s hesitation over the high wall, and went bobbing along into the rough field beyond. But alas, before them was a broad lake, and as he could not swim, back he was forced to turn. Over the wall and back again over the same road and toward the garden whence he came, Charles still on his back and Charles’s papa galloping at full speed behind.

The squash, however, must have had a good

8 A Quick-Running Squash.

heart, for when he reached the house again, he of his own accord turned in at the gate and ran up to the wall of Charles's garden. There he stopped, for he was now so big that he could not climb walls, and indeed had he been able to get in he would have filled the little garden to overflowing, for he was really enormous. Charles's father had actually to get a ladder for the poor little fellow to climb down, and he was so tired that he had to be carried to the house. But the squash was tired, too, dreadfully tired. I suppose it is a very bad thing for a growing squash to take much exercise. This certainly was a growing squash, and there is also no doubt that he had taken a great deal of exercise that morning. Be that as it may, when the family were at luncheon, they were alarmed by hearing a violent explosion near the house. Rushing out to see what could have happened, they found that the marvellous quick-running squash had *burst!!* It lay spread all over the lawn in a thousand pieces.

The family, and all the neighbors' families for miles around, had squash pie for a week.



BOSH-BOSH OIL.

A FAIRY STORY.

GARDNER had started off by himself for a long tramp through the woods. He had walked quite a distance when he suddenly came to a small brown hut, which he was about to pass when he heard cries of pain coming from it. Running quickly to its one window, he looked in, and saw a most extraordinary sight. An old man was alone in the one room, standing near the wall and with his face pressed hard against it. The tears were running down his cheeks, and he was moaning piteously.

“What is the matter?” said Gardner, “and why do you stand there with your face pressed to the wall?”

“Come in, little boy, and I will tell you,” was the answer.

Gardner ran in, and seated himself on a three-legged stool, which stood in the middle of the floor.

“Day before yesterday,” began the old fellow, “I was standing at my door, and a small man, with a tall pointed cap and a long beard, passed, dressed entirely in brown. He tripped and fell, and I laughed, which made him very angry. ‘I will teach you to laugh at me,’ he scolded. ‘I am a Brownie, and no one may laugh or even look at a Brownie.’ Then he told me that in punishment I must stand here with my nose glued to the wall till some kind boy got for me the ‘Bosh-Bosh Oil.’ If I rub some of that on my nose I shall then be free. *You* have a kind face, and I wonder if you would be willing to help me?”

“Indeed I will get this wonderful oil for you if I can,” said Gardner. “Where is it to be found?”

“There,” and the old man pointed to the top of a mountain near the house. “But the path is a very steep one, little boy, and the Brownie said there were many dangers to be braved before one could reach the top. When fairly there, however, you will find the oil in a golden box, in a golden house, and guarded by the famous Gold-Bird. Many boys have been here, but no one would venture, and I suppose I shall have to stay here till I die,” and he began to weep again.

Now Gardner was a brave as well as kind boy, and he was greatly touched by the old man’s sad position.

“I will go,” he said, “and don’t lose your courage, for I will come back soon, and if it is a possible thing, bring the oil.”

The old man was delighted, and thanked the boy heartily, as he started on his mission.

He found the path up the mountain with no difficulty, and a pleasant path it was, being shaded and with flowers on either side. He walked on for a hundred yards or so, when he

Bosh-Bosh Oil.

was stopped by a very strong wire, which was stretched directly across the path. He got down on his knees and tried to crawl under it, but lo and behold, down came the wire and he could not pass it! "I will then jump over it," he said. But when he got up, up it flew, for it was a magic wire, and was there to prevent people going any farther. Gardner looked to the right and left, but found that it stretched way off in the distance, on either side, which made it impossible for him to go round it. He sat down for a moment, discouraged, but not for long. That very morning he had exchanged with a boy friend a fine three-bladed knife for a big red marble and a wonderfully powerful magnet. This magnet he now took from his pocket, and held toward the wire.

"Ah, ha!" he shouted, for the wire, though evidently with the utmost reluctance, bent to meet it. Magic though it was, it had to obey the magnet. Gardner held the magnet lower and lower, finally laying it on the ground, and, sadly obeying it, down, down, down came the

wire also. Then the boy stepped over it, and it rattled angrily as he did so. Looking back and laughing merrily, he found to his amazement that the wire had disappeared! And not only that, but his magnet as well, had vanished! Gardner was, of course, greatly surprised, but he expected to see strange things, and so, in a moment, continued his journey.

He had not gone far when he saw before him, sitting in the middle of the path, a small but very pretty Italian greyhound, who was looking at him intently, her little head cocked on one side, and her two ears, which were enormous, raised in the greatest astonishment.*

"Where did you come from, boy?" she asked.

"I came from below," he answered, "and my name is not Boy, but 'Gardner,' doggie."

"And my name is not Doggie, but 'Little Pitcher,'" was the answer while the large ears were held proudly upright.

"Well, 'Little Pitcher,' you seem to be a nice

*This picture is taken from a living "Little Pitcher."

dog, but I cannot waste time talking to you, I must hurry on."

"I am sorry," said the dog, politely but very firmly, "but this place you shall not pass."

Gardner smiled.

"You funny little thing," he said; "and how are you going to prevent my doing so?"

"In this way," and the boy suddenly found himself seated in the path tripped by the nimble little hound!

Three times was this repeated, till Gardner at last sat down by the side of the path and glared angrily at his small tormentor. Then he remembered that he had a cracker in his pocket. Taking it out he offered it to the little animal.

"Thank you, I have already dined," was the dignified answer.

"Then don't you want to come for a walk with me?" and Gardner smiled persuasively at the dog, who wagged her tail but said she had just returned from a long walk.

The boy's heart sank. There remained but one more thing to try.

“On my way up here,” he began (and truthfully too), “I saw a cat.”



At this Pitcher's eyes glistened, and she was visibly affected, although she was silent for a moment. Then coming nearer the boy, she whispered :

Bosh-Bosh Oil.

"What kind of a cat? Big and strong and a fighter, I daresay?"

"No, rather a gentle, frightened looking cat." The small dog's body grew suddenly rigid. Her eyes rolled. She smacked her lips and said:

"Ah, well, she was very near her home, I suppose?"

"No, in a field."

"Z'hounds! You don't say so? Of course she was near shelter of some sort? Near a tree?"

"No, in an open field."

"You don't say so?"

Pitcher was now trembling and her voice was hoarse with excitement.

"This cat—this cat," she panted, "was facing the road, I suppose?"

"On the contrary," said Gardner, "her back was toward the road, and she was sound asleep."

"Back toward the road—and asleep! Great Sirius! This is too much!! I cannot let this chance go," and with a howl of delirious excitement, Pitcher vanished down the path! Gardner, laughing heartily, went on.

But only for a few steps, for his way was again blocked. This time by a bush, a cruel looking bush, covered with long, sharp thorns which grew directly in the middle of the path. The boy tried to pass on the right side, when to his amazement, the thorn-bush gave a funny little hop and placed itself directly in front of him. He then ran quickly to the left, but the bush ran too, and stood firmly before him, again barring the way.

While wondering what to do, he saw lying on the ground near, a small box. Full of curiosity he opened it and found it contained a large fat yeast cake. But it was not a common everyday yeast cake, for it smelt like delicious candy. Gardner tasted it carefully, and finding it was as good as it smelt, ate it all, and then what do you think happened? He suddenly felt himself *rise*. Up, up, up he was lifted, high over the thorn bush, and then down, down, down he slowly came on the other side. For the yeast he had eaten was made in fairyland, and, working much quicker than ours can, had made Gardner rise *at once*. Four times he bounded up into

the air, each time being carried not quite so high, and the last time he was dropped right in front of a boy who was seated in the middle of the



path, and who looked at him in surprise. This boy was older than Gardner, and he was big and fat, and, to Gardner's horror, he had a bright blue face.

"What are you bounding along in that absurd way for?" he asked, and Gardner told him about the yeast cake and begged him to let him go on his way.

"No," said Blue-Face, with much firmness, "that I shall not do. I have sat here for five years, and shall do so for the next five. Come again in five years, and then perhaps I will let you pass."

"Oh," said Gardner, "that will be much too late. I am in a great hurry, for I wish to get some of the Bosh-Bosh Oil for the poor old man at the foot of the hill. He is suffering."

"Well," said Blue-Face, indifferently, "that, of course, is nothing to me. I cannot let you pass."

Gardner put his hand into his pocket and drew forth the big red marble.

"Oh, what a beauty," said Blue-Face admiringly.

"It shall be yours, if you will let me pass."

"No."

"Then it shall be yours if you can catch it."

"Take your offer and thanks for it," said Blue Face.

Gardner then threw up the marble, and in such a way that when it fell it must roll *down* the path. This it did, and Blue-Face, seeing what was now his own property rolling rapidly down the hill away from him, forgot everything and dashed after it, while Gardner, seizing his chance, flew in the other direction.

"Good-bye, Blue-Face," he shouted, but receiving no answer, looked back, to find no boy, and, alas, no marble.

"What a strange path this is," he said, "and how *can* things disappear so quickly."

The air was now suddenly filled with deafening barks. "Bow-wow-wow" in a very high key, "bow-wow-wow" in a middle-sized key, and "bow-wow-wow" in a very low key. Gardner stopped and looked about him, but saw no dogs.

"Those are dogs, I know," he said, "and wherever they are, I am sure I hope they are muzzled," for he could not help feeling a bit nervous.

A sharp turn, and a strange sight was before him. In the very middle of the path stood an enormous brown jug, and in this jug, and apparently fastened by their tails, were about twenty



snakes! At least Gardner thought they were snakes, till on examination he found that each had the head of a dog. One the small head of a black and tan, another of the impertinent pug,

one of the big, shaggy St. Bernard, another of the Newfoundland, and so on; and each dog-head was barking its loudest, while the snake-bodies were writhing wildly from side to side. The boy's heart sank.

"Never, never, can I pass those—those—*things*—whatever they are," he said. Then he remembered the poor old man waiting for him.

"Good dogs, good doggies," he said, in a wheedling tone, though his teeth were chattering with fear.

His answer was louder barking from the dog-snakes, and wilder writhing from the snake-dogs. Suddenly he thought of the cracker in his pocket. Breaking off a piece, he threw it down near the jug. "Snap," and one of the dog-snakes had eaten it, and with apparent relish. Then he broke up all the crackers into small pieces, and going as near the big jug as he dared, threw them on the ground at one side. All the dog-snakes bent at once to eat them, which for a second left the other side free, and in that second, but with his heart beating hard, Gardner darted by. The dogs, find-

ing that he had escaped them, gave one tremendous bark, and then—when the boy looked back, nothing was to be seen except the dusty, brown path stretching off behind him.

On he trudged and suddenly stepped into something horrid, very black and fearfully sticky. He drew back his foot quickly, but in doing so, the boot was actually torn from him. He then tried to go round the sticky mass, but, alas, it seemed to extend on either side as far as the eye could reach. Then he tried to pull out his boot, but it was as firmly imbedded as if it had grown there.

“This,” he said, “is the very worst place I have reached yet. What shall I do?”

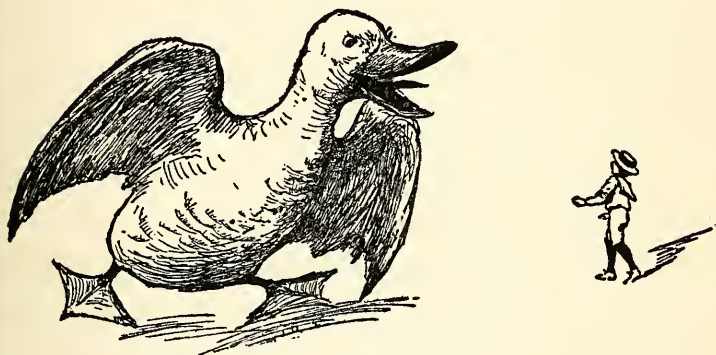
A bunch of brilliant yellow flowers now attracted his attentions.

“Buttercups,” he said, “and what monstrous ones they are, and oh, what in the world does this mean? They are real buttercups.” For, on stooping to examine them, he found that each little yellow flower was filled to overflowing with something that certainly looked like very good

butter. Gardner was amazed, and then a funny thought came to him. "Why not butter my feet, and then perhaps I shall be able to cross this pitch pond." So laughing at the thought, he carefully covered the sole of his boot and the sole of his stocking (and very nasty that felt, too) with the butter. Then he cautiously tried one foot on the pitch, and found that he could now walk over it with the utmost ease! He had soon crossed it, and turned to give one last look at his lost boot, when—and Gardner rubbed his eyes to make sure, for he thought he must be mistaken—he found that the black, sticky mass had disappeared, and with it his boot!

He had scarcely recovered from his astonishment, when he was startled by hearing a tremendous "*quaaaack*." Looking up, he saw, a little way up the path, a *monster duck*—never had he imagined such an enormous bird. Its mouth was wide open, and was fully as large as a *window*! This alarming creature was coming down upon Gardner as fast as she could waddle, and her eyes were snapping angrily. He had,

poor boy, but a moment in which to make up his mind, and what do you think he did? Seizing a handful of buttercups (and how fortunate it was for him that they happened to grow right there) he covered his entire head with butter. Then gather-



ing himself together, he ran toward the duck with a tremendous rush. He was the very best runner at school, which was, of course, of the greatest assistance to him in doing this wonderful thing.

Can you credit me, when I tell you that Gardner jumped directly into the widely opened mouth of the monster duck, and that he went with such *tremendous* force that he shot right through her, landing a foot beyond her, face down, on the ground!

Of course, his slippery, buttered head was a great, great help to him, but it was in any case a most marvellous thing for a boy to have done, was it not? He lay there for five minutes, without moving, for he felt, naturally, quite weak. Then, remembering the poor old man, he slowly picked himself up, and went on, first turning to see what had become of the duck, whose dead body he expected to see. But no duck, either dead or alive, was there. He was, however, beyond being astonished at anything now.

“I don't at all like the feeling of this butter on my head,” he said, as he continued his journey, “and I wish I could find some water, so that I could wash it off.”

His wish was gratified, for there, right before him, was a well. And not only a well, but a bucket, too. This Gardner filled, and succeeded in washing most of the butter from his head. Then he saw that to continue on his road, he must either go round the well, or step over it. To go round was impossible, as the ground on either side was too steep. To step over was equally impossible,

for the well was very large. "Butter won't help me here," he thought, sadly. Looking down into the well he called out,

"Won't you *please* go off, Well, and let me get the Bosh-Bosh Oil for the poor old man?"

And then, he almost fell into the hole, for a voice far, far below answered, saying,

"Who is speaking to me?"

Gardner was much frightened, for he thought this must be some other boy who had fallen into the well.

"Who are you?" he called out.

"Truth," came the answer, and then Gardner remembered to have heard that "truth lies at the bottom of a well."

"I wish you would come up here, Truth," he said (for an idea had suddenly come to him).

"Very well," said Truth, "wait a moment and I will be there."

Gardner promised, for, indeed, what else could he do but wait? Soon a scrambling and scratching was heard, and Truth slowly crept up till he reached a big stone which jugged out at one side, about

two feet from the top. And on this he sat, while Gardner looked at him in astonishment, for he was truly a most remarkable fellow. He looked young, he looked old. He was very big and round, and he had the kindest, frankest, sweetest face you can imagine. Gardner thought at first he must be made of glass, for he was so wonderfully transparent—you could see right through him.

“Now, boy,” said he, “what do you want to ask me?”

“Why you don’t tell the truth at all times?”

“Tell the truth at all times? I *do*. I am Truth itself,” was the indignant answer.

“But every one says that ‘truth *lies* at the bottom of a well.’”

At this Truth laughed heartily, so heartily that he almost fell from his slippery seat, and then he explained that it was a different kind of a “lie.”

“But I don’t see,” continued Gardner, “why you live at the *bottom* of a well, anyway. I should think you would prefer the top. But perhaps, Truth, you can’t lie down as easily at the top of a well.”

“Oh, yes, Truth can go anywhere,” was the proud answer. “I will show you,” and crawling up, he lay down over the well, completely covering it.

This was the little boy's chance, for which he had been waiting. With one bound he was over, using poor Truth for a bridge, but stepping very lightly, not to hurt him. He heard a great splash, a loud cry from Truth, and looked back to see—nothing, nothing but the dusty path. The well and fat, pleasant Truth had vanished!

Now as the boy went on, the path changed. It became very beautiful. On either side most gorgeous flowers filled the air with delicious perfume, while lovely birds, which Gardner had never seen before, sang loudly. Suddenly, he felt a light touch on his arm, and turning, saw beside him a wee maid—a fairy.

“Gardner,” said she, “you have been a very brave boy. You have passed in safety all the dangers of the path, and I will now lead you to the Golden Temple, containing the Bosh-Bosh Oil, which is guarded by the famous Gold-Bird.”

So Gardner walked on with her, trembling with

excitement. Sweet music was heard—a soft yellow light shone on him, and then, looking up, he saw before him—the *Temple*. It was a round house made of solid, shining, yellow *gold*. Slender gold pillars supported the roof, which was made of diamonds, and was too dazzlingly beautiful to look at. They entered and sat down on the wonderful chairs, which were made of precious stones, one being of sapphire, one of rubies, one of emeralds, and so on. A small gold table stood in the middle of the room. On it was a golden box containing the wonderful oil, and guarded by the Gold-Bird. His head was a huge diamond, his eyes two brilliant emeralds, and his body and wings were of gold. When he saw Gardner, he opened the box-lid with his bill, and there lay seven tiny bottles of the wonderful oil, which to tell the truth, looked just like *kerosene*. The fairy gave one bottle to Gardner, who thanked her and the bird, and with his prize clasped in his hands, ran swiftly down the path, delighted to think that even if he had lost his boot and his marble and magnet, he could now help the poor old man.

He had reached the foot of the path, when he saw a small black object, lying directly in the middle of it. When he came up to it, he found, to his delight, that it was his boot. Sitting down, he tried to put it on, but something hard in the heel prevented his doing so. Putting in his hand, he drew out his magnet. Again he tried, and this time something round and hard in the toe prevented him. This proved to be his lost marble—and now the little boy was quite, quite happy.

Running to the hut, he found that the old man was crying as if his heart would break, for he thought that the boy, who had been gone a long time, was never coming with the magic oil, and that he would have to remain there, his face pressed to the wall, till death came. Gardner ran to him and showed his treasure, and they at once rubbed some of the oil on the poor old sufferer's nose, which, as the Brownie had said, immediately became *free!*

And then Gardner, followed by the old man's thanks and blessings, went home.



THE TOAD.

ONE day Reginald's mamma asked him if he would n't like to get some mushrooms. He said he would, and taking his pail in his hand, off he went. First to a place where he thought he had seen some growing, but they proved to be toad-stools, which, although pretty, are very dangerous to eat. Reginald knew this, so he did not touch them, but went on farther. Soon he found a beautiful mushroom, and was about to pick it, when a voice quite near, said :

“Boy, how do you do?”

Reginald turned, but seeing no one thought he must have been mistaken, and again stooped to pick the mushroom, when he saw, sitting beside it, an enormous toad. Just then he again heard the same voice, and this time louder :

“I said, boy, how do you do?” And if you can believe me, the voice was the toad’s voice, and it was he who had spoken! Reginald, who had never heard a toad speak before, and in fact did n’t know that they could, was so much astonished that he fairly gasped.

“That mushroom,” continued the toad, calmly, “is *mine*, and you cannot have it. Go and pick those toad-stools.”

“But,” said Reginald, who had somewhat recovered from his astonishment, “I don’t want any toad-stools.”

“Well, then,” said the toad, “of course, that is not my fault, now is it?”

“No,” said Reginald, somewhat timidly.

“Then the best thing for you to do, boy, is to go home.”

“But, I came to pick mushrooms for my mamma, and I certainly shall not go home because a toad tells me to do so. I am not ready to go.”

“Oh,” said the toad, “I beg your pardon; I thought perhaps, you were ready. If you are not, then why don’t you stay here? And if you stay,

perhaps you would like to go fishing with me? It will really give me much pleasure to show you how I catch fish."

Reginald, who was very, very fond of fishing, could not resist this, and said :

"Yes, thank you, I should like that very much."

Then the toad stood on his hind legs, slipped his cold, slimy hand in the boy's, and on they walked toward the brook.

"You are really the most remarkable toad I ever saw," said Reginald. "What is your name?"

"Wait," was the answer, "and perhaps you may guess it before our walk is over."

As soon as they reached the brook, the toad seated himself on the very edge, in the mud.

"Sit down beside me," said he to Reginald, who did not at all like to do this, for he did n't want to get wet. But he had often been told by his father that whenever he went fishing with any one, he must do just as he was told to do, so when the toad said again, "Sit down here," this time very sternly, why Reginald—sat down.



REGINALD AND THE TOAD. PAGE 34.

“Now,” said the toad, “I think I may truly say, that you will be surprised.” So they waited and waited and waited and waited, and no fish came.

At last Reginald lost all patience, and said, “I will wait no longer, I have not seen a single fish.”

“Then,” said the toad, “if they don’t come, I can’t catch them, can I? But there is one thing I can do, and I do it well, too, and that is to catch butterflies. Would you like to see me do it?”

“Toads can’t catch butterflies,” said Reginald, contemptuously.

“I ask you again, rude boy, will you come and see me catch butterflies?”

“I should like to very much.”

“Then come, and you are to look up in the sky all the time, and when you see a butterfly, tell me,” directed the toad.

So on they went, the toad holding Reginald’s hand, and Reginald looking up into the sky. But although they walked for more than an hour, and the poor boy’s neck ached cruelly, *not one* butterfly did they see.

At last, Reginald, as before, lost patience, and

sitting down, said angrily: "I shall go no farther. I have not seen any butterflies at all."

"Well," said the toad, "then of course you don't blame me for not catching them. You seem tired, and you are hungry too, I am sure. Are you fond of wild honey?"

"I never tasted any."

"You don't say so," said the toad; "then *come*," and Reginald, much delighted, followed him. They walked on and on and *on*, till the poor boy was ready to drop with fatigue. At last they returned to the very spot where they had first started from. And now, what do you suppose that horrid, disagreeable toad did? He walked to the mushroom, and sitting down upon it, said, "Well, Boy, have you had a pleasant walk?"

Reginald was, of course, very angry. "I think you are a horrid, wicked toad!" said he, "a perfect *fraud*."

"Ah, ha," said the toad, "I thought perhaps you would guess my name, and you have done so. My name is—'*Fraud*.' And, little boy, there

are no fish in that brook ; and there are never any butterflies in these woods, nor is there any wild honey, for there are no bees. Also, there is but *one* mushroom here, and as I am sitting on that, there is, as you see, not 'mush room' for you. So, as I remarked to you about three hours ago, *go home.*'"

Those were the toad's last words, and poor Reginald, grieved and angry, did go home, with an aching neck and an empty pail ; and told his dear mamma all about it.





TULA OOLAH.

LITTLE Celia Cameron lived with her mother in a cottage by the sea. Her father had been a fisherman, but was drowned some years before, when Celia was quite a baby. Since then her poor mother had to work very hard to support herself and her child. She did washing for the rich city-people who spent the summer at the big hotel half a mile down the beach. Good little Celia did all she could to help her mother, by gathering driftwood for their winter fire. There was much of this wood to be found on the beach, for many a good ship was wrecked on that dangerous coast. This occupation brought little Celia nearly every day to the beach, where she was as much at home splashing in the water, as any fish.

There were many seals on that coast, who used to come up in the early morning and sit round sociably together, sunning themselves, and lazily rubbing their sides against the rocks. Whether it was because they had got used to seeing her, or because they thought Celia must somehow belong to them on account of her name, I don't know, but they certainly were not afraid of her, but would come quite near, and sometimes even allow her to stroke their wet glossy backs.

There was one seal in particular, with whom she became quite intimate. She often brought him bits of her breakfast, going without herself, poor little thing, in order to do so. Of course the seal did not know that, but he certainly seemed to be very fond of her, and to appreciate her kindness, looking at her with love and gratitude, in his great soft eyes. After a while he seemed to feel that it was not right for him to be the one to receive presents, and to give nothing in return, so after this, every time that Celia appeared he would dive into the deep water, and come to her proudly bearing a gift. And

such odd gifts they were: fishes, sometimes living, sometimes dead, bits of wood, a piece of an old chain, and another time a piece of slimy seaweed, fully ten feet long. Once he brought her a beautiful pink shell.

Celia was always very careful to thank the seal (Soft-Eyes, she called him) for all the things he brought her, whether she really liked them or not, for she would not have hurt his feelings for anything. But when she saw the beautiful pink shell, she gave a shout of delight, and stooping, kissed Soft-Eyes right on his wet head. He gave a little contented grunt, and nestled up to her, and there they both sat for a long time, sunning themselves, Soft-Eyes munching the cracker she had brought, and Celia examining the lovely shell. It was afterward put on a shelf in the one room of the tiny cottage, and every one admired it, for it was not often that any one had so pretty a shell, and particularly one brought up from the ocean-bed and given by a soft-eyed, friendly seal. One day Celia went to the rocks, and her dear friend was not there.

“Soft-Eyes,” she called, and several seals bobbed up their heads, but Soft-Eyes was not among them.

Seating herself she waited, thinking perhaps he had gone farther, trying to get another pink shell for her. “He will be here,” she said, and sure enough she soon heard a great puffing, snorting noise, and on came Soft-Eyes swimming slowly toward her, and carrying in his mouth—something. What it was she could not make out. Twice it slipped from him and he had to dive for it. When he got nearer, Celia saw that it was an iron box, he was carrying. Crawling up on the rocks, he dropped this strange gift by her side, and then looked triumphantly into her face with eyes that said plainly, “There, what do you think of that for a gift?”

Celia did n't know what to say but looked at the box with the greatest astonishment.

“Where did you get it, Soft-Eyes?” she said, but he only grunted, thinking, no doubt, that the little girl was thanking him again for what he had brought her. And indeed it had been no easy matter for him to pick up that heavy iron box from

the bottom of the ocean, where it had lain almost hidden by great pieces of iron, and a pile of rotten timbers, which had crumbled as he pulled away the box, and which was all that remained of a big ship that had been wrecked there many, many years before.

But of this the seal knew nothing, nor, of course, did Celia. The box was about a foot square, made of iron, and was locked, and there was no name or inscription of any sort on it.

"Where is the key, Soft-Eyes?" said Celia, but he made no answer.

Then she decided to break the lock, so running home, she got a hammer, and a very heavy iron spike. She thought it only right to open the box on the beach, in the presence of the seal, for she could not help feeling that he would be as much interested as she to see what it contained.

And indeed he seemed to be, and sat there breathing hard, with his big eyes fixed steadily on the little girl who, with beating heart, at last succeeded in prying open the lock. Lifting the lid, Celia and Soft-Eyes looked in, and saw, fitted

neatly into the box, another, exactly like the first. Taking it out, they found that that too was locked. Placing it on the rock between herself and Soft-Eyes, Celia looked through the key-hole, but could see nothing.

Suddenly both she and the seal started back, and looked in terror at the box, for from it came an awful sound, as of some one in distress! The voice was soft and muffled, and sounded like a child moaning. The seal was so much alarmed, that he scuttled off, and was about to jump into the water, when poor little Celia called piteously to him.

“Come back, Soft-Eyes,” she said, “don’t leave me all alone with this thing, whatever it is,” and the seal, who, at heart, was ashamed of his cowardice, came back, though with evident reluctance.

“Now,” said Celia, “whatever is in this, is small, and I am sure can’t hurt us much, and I am going to find out what it is.”

So with some difficulty, she broke the lock and, saw still another box! At this, both she and Soft-

Eyes felt relieved. The seal came quite near, and even bravely smelt of it, which, after all, was a good deal for him to do, as he was frightened almost out of his wits.

Celia lifted the third box out, and now the cries of the creature, or whatever it was, inside, grew very loud. This box differed from the others, being made of brass, prettily ornamented with scroll-work. It was quite dry, all the boxes being so tightly fitted into each other, that the sea-water had been unable to force its way in.

This, too, was locked, but its key hung on the handle at the side. Unlocking it, Celia opened the lid *very* cautiously. The seal, meanwhile, had gone to the edge of the rock again, ready to at once jump into the water, should an enemy spring out upon them. But as nothing of the kind happened, curiosity got the better of him, and joining Celia, they both looked into the box together, and saw, standing in the middle of it, an *elephant* about eight inches long!!

He was exquisitely made and his wee trunk was waving restlessly from side to side, while he

moaned piteously, "Tula Oolah, Tula Oolah," over and over again. Celia lifted him out of the box on to her lap, and found to her astonishment, that he was not alive, but was made of some hard metal—brass, she thought, for the color was yellow.

"But, if he is not alive, then how can he wave his trunk and talk? And what, Soft-Eyes, oh, what is he saying?"

But of course the seal did n't know, and he evidently did not like the looks of the uncanny little elephant at all, for as the small creature raised his voice, and said louder and with still more piteous sound, "Tula Oolah," Soft-Eyes gave a yell of terror, jumped into the water, and for three days Celia saw nothing of him!

She put the poor little animal back into the brass box, and locking it, carried it home and put it on the table. Her mother was away for the whole day, and Celia ran to the cupboard, and took out the glass of milk, which had been left there for her dinner. She poured a little into a saucer.



CELIA FINDS AN ELEPHANT. PAGE 46.

“He must be hungry,” she said, “and perhaps ‘Tula Oolah’ means ‘give me food’ in the elephant language.”

But when she took the little creature out and offered him the milk, he did not take it, and 't was the same with the bread she then gave him.

“Oh, what can it be that you want?” said tender hearted Celia, who was greatly distressed by its evident grief.

“Tula Oolah,” was the answer.

At last she could bear it no longer, and locking the elephant in his box, she went off for driftwood, taking her lunch with her, for she meant to wait till her mother came home before going into the house, and listening again to that pitiful cry. She gathered a great deal of wood, which she piled neatly in the shed at the back of the cottage.

At last, when the sun began to go down, Celia saw her mother coming, far down the beach, and ran to meet her. Her mother was much astonished, when she heard the story of the elephant, and much more astonished when she saw the little animal herself, and listened to his moaning cry.

“Celia,” said she, “perhaps he is talking French. Now, there is a French gentleman at the hotel, and to-morrow I will ask him to come and see the elephant, and perhaps he can understand him.”

So the next morning at about ten Professor Turier came to the cottage.

“Where ees de leedle elephante?” said he, and when he saw him, he began :

“Bonjour, vous parlez Francais?”

“Tula Oolah,” answered the elephant.

“Que voulez-vous?” continued the French gentleman, and “Tula Oolah,” moaned the elephant.

At last the Frenchman went away, and told all the people at the hotel what he had seen. Among them was a German.

“I vill minezelf haf von gonverzazhuns mit dot leedle elephantchen,” said he, and followed by the two hundred and thirty guests of the hotel, he went to the cottage.

“Nun, elephantchen,” said he, when he and each of the two hundred and thirty guests had

satisfied their curiosity by looking at the marvellous little animal. "Wie geht's?"

"Tula Oolah," was the answer.

"So? Kannst also kein Deutsch sprechen? Don't shpeak chermans, eh?" enquired the German gentleman, sadly.

"Tula Oolah," replied the elephant with equal sadness, and so the interview ended.

Then one of the ladies advised Celia's mother to take him to the gang of Italians who were working on the bridge below the hotel.

"What he says sounds to me like Italian," she said. But when the Italians heard the "Tula Oolah" they could make nothing of it, nor did the elephant pay the slightest attention to them, although they talked loudly and all together.

At last the landlord said, "Mrs. Cameron, tomorrow a gentleman, a Mr. Newcombe, is coming here, who understands elephants—I mean real ones. He has lived in India for many years. He, I think, will be able to help you."

When Mr. Newcombe arrived, he heard about the little elephant, first from the clerk, and then

from each of the two hundred and thirty guests, and the following day, the procession, he leading it, came to the cottage, and he at last was able to help them.

“Tula Oolah?” he said enquiringly to the elephant, and “Tula Oolah,” answered the little creature, no longer sadly but joyfully.

“I understand him,” said Mr. Newcombe. “He is speaking the language of a people who live in the southeastern part of northwestern Hindoostan. Now, it happens that I lived right among those very people for several years, and am glad you came to me, as I am probably the only man in this country who can speak and understand their language.”

“Then what, oh what, is he saying?” asked Celia, and her mother, and the two hundred and thirty guests.

“He says ‘tula oolah,’ which means ‘*put me in the water.*’”

“But what for?” said Celia and the two hundred and thirty, but Mrs. Cameron ran at once to fill her largest tub with water. When it

was full, little Celia dropped the elephant, who was now shrieking "Tula Oolah, Tula Oolah," joyfully, and at the top of his voice, into the middle of the tub! The minute his feet touched the water, he raised his trunk, threw his head back and gave vent to a most ear-piercing *shriek!* How such a small creature could produce such a sound, was hard to understand, and the German gentleman and the French gentleman, were so much alarmed, that they immediately ran out of the cottage!

The two hundred and thirty guests who were waiting outside, hearing the loud cry, and seeing the two frightened gentlemen, who were evidently bent on getting away as quickly as possible, became alarmed too, and ran for their lives, and the beach was soon quite deserted. In the cottage itself, only Celia and her mother and the ex-Indian gentleman were left, and they all stood there, watching carefully the wee elephant, to see what would happen next.

He swam lazily round the tub three times, trumpeting loudly and apparently having a very

fine time. The water in the tub, meanwhile, had begun to change. It had grown quite thick—like molasses, and was of a bright yellow color. After the elephant had been round the three times, he swam slowly to the middle. There he remained for fully a minute, trumpeting occasionally, but more softly, while the water grew constantly thicker and yellower.

At last, raising his trunk once more, he said softly and very sadly, "Oolah," and then began slowly to sink!

"Oh," screamed Celia, "he is drowning," and she put out her hand to save him, but the gentleman prevented her, reminding her that the little creature was not really alive.

"I think I know all about this, but wait," he said.

Down, down, down went the elephant, till only the very top of his head could be seen. Then that too disappeared, leaving only a little depression. At this the three looked for a moment, till even that vanished, and the tub stood there filled with a solid yellow mass of *something*.

It was perfectly hard and smooth and looked like burnished brass. They tried to lift it, but found it so heavy that it was utterly impossible for them to move it. Mr. Newcombe then hurried away, and soon returned with a chemist who examined carefully what was in the tub, and pronounced it to be *pure gold!*

They were all, of course, very, very much surprised, except, indeed, Mr. Newcombe.

“I suspected this might be gold,” he said, “and I will tell you why. I have, as I told you, lived among the people in the southeastern part of northwestern Hindoostan, the country from which this elephant probably originally came. It is a mountainous region, and the people live isolated lives. They have many interesting legends which have been handed down from father to son, and among them one that I think may apply to this case.” Then Mr. Newcombe translated the legend for them :

“ If you find an elephant, made of brass,
An elephant small and old—
Through ‘ Oolah ’—the water—allow him to pass
And the Oolah shall turn to *gold!* ”

“This little elephant is undoubtedly one of that kind, and is probably many hundred years old.”

The gold was broken into small pieces, so that it could be more easily carried away and sold. Celia insisted on staying in the room, while this was being done, for she could not help feeling that somewhere in it she should find the elephant. But they did not find him, although in breaking the last bit of gold, which had been in the middle at the very bottom of the mass, they came upon two tiny tusks! And that was all that was left of the Tula Oolah elephant.

The gold proved to be very pure and when sold was worth a great many thousand dollars, so that Celia and her mother became very rich people. They gave a large lump of it to Mr. Newcombè, for without his help they might never have got the gold at all, and they were very grateful to him. They built a beautiful house on the beach so that Celia could always be near her dear friend, Soft-Eyes, the seal, who had brought all this good fortune to his dear little friend.



THE N. S. BICYCLE.

GORDON RANDALL had had some money given him to buy a bicycle which he was to choose himself.

“Now, Gordon,” said his mother, as he started off for the shop, “if there is anything about the bicycle that you do not understand, make them explain it to you. Do not be afraid to ask questions.”

And Gordon promised to be very careful. In about an hour back he came, radiant.

“I have bought one, Mamma, and oh, such a beauty you never saw. The man is to oil it and send it up this afternoon, and oh, Mamma, I am so happy.”

When the bicycle came, Mrs. Randall was delighted with the machine, which seemed to be a very fine one.

"You have evidently made a good choice. But, Gordon," said she, "what are those two letters 'N. S.' engraved on the handle? What do they mean?"

"Why," said Gordon, "I don't know. Perhaps they are the initials of the maker, but (hanging his head shamefacedly) I really did not see them before, or I should surely have asked, as you bade me. But, Mamma, I will ride down at once to the shop on my new machine and ask the man."

"Very well," said his mother, "but be quick, dear, for your supper will be ready before long."

So off went Gordon, his little heart swelling with pride. He rode well, having ridden a good deal before, but never on such a beautiful machine, so light, yet so strong. "And it is *mine*, my very own," he shouted in great delight. Soon he came to the shop, and carefully guiding his machine to the sidewalk, tried to go more slowly, when to his *horror* he found he could not! The wheels refused to stop. Round and round they went, faster than ever, and poor Gordon was carried by the shop in spite of himself! On and on he went,

and round and round went his poor, unwilling, little legs, while his heart beat "thump, thump," in his terror. By the post-office, by the station he shot, and on and on, far, far away from his home! The town was left behind, and now he found himself on a quiet country road. He tried again and again to make the bicycle go more slowly, but no, it absolutely *refused* to obey him. Gordon, who had only ridden the ordinary bicycles before, did not know what to do to force this dreadful creature to do his bidding. To his delight, he now saw before him a very high, steep hill.

"Ha, ha, Mr. Bicycle," said he, "your run will come to an end here, I fancy."

But when they reached the hill, if you will believe me, the bicycle did not even seem to see that there was a hill there, for he ran right up the steep incline, as if it were the most level bicycle track in the world.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Gordon, "will nothing stop it, and must I go on forever? Why, it may run on for years, and till I am an old, old man, and how strange it will look to see a white-haired man

riding on a small boy's bicycle, and riding so awfully fast, too. I wonder if kind people will take pity on me and throw food to me as I pass?"



Poor Gordon's supper time was now long past, and he began to feel very hungry, you see. A dreadful thought suddenly came to him—"If I go on at this pace I am sure that in a few days the land will give out, and then I suppose I shall have to ride right into the ocean." At this fearful idea, Gordon's tears began to flow. He was now approaching a large town and every one he met looked at him in surprise, for to see a ten-year-old boy on a bicycle riding so wonderfully fast, and crying as if his heart would break, was a strange sight truly.

"Where are you going, little boy?" they cried.

"I am sure, I don't know," said Gordon, and before they could say any more he was gone. He passed a big railway station and saw by its sign that he was in the town of Boreborough, *forty* miles from his home, and at this his tears again gushed forth.

"Wot yer cryin' 'bout?" said a very small and very dirty boy, who was playing in the street. "Yer a great big cry-baby, an' yer'd better turn

round an' go home ter yer ma," and the small boy threw, I am sorry to say, a handful of mud at poor Gordon.

But Gordon did not mind that at all, for at the boy's words, an idea had come to him. What was it he had said? "*Turn round* and go home." Now was it not just possible that he might do this? He knew that he could guide the bicycle, even if he could not stop it, and why could he not turn it entirely round? It was certainly worth trying, and if you will believe me, the idea of doing so had not once come to him till the dirty little, mud-throwing boy had spoken. He waited till he came to a wide, free space and began to turn. "Hurrah," he shouted as he found the machine obeyed him beautifully and came about with no trouble. He was very much ashamed to think that he had not thought before of this simple way out of his difficulty.

He was now on his way back, going as fast as ever, but no longer crying. He was now fairly shouting in his delight. Passing the small boy again, he called out, "Thank you, thank you,"

and to this day that boy does not know what it was that Gordon thanked him for. Back over the same road he flew, and ah, so willingly now. Past many twinkling electric lights, then out of the big town, and on to the quiet country road again where the trees looked very tall and black in the darkness. Gordon was not very old, and he was afraid to be out on that lonely road alone, but he kept saying to himself, "I shall soon be at home." He passed through many small towns, then through the long, dark, wooden bridge that spanned the river Nokowi, which he could hear rushing and tumbling far beneath, hurrying on to the sea. And then at last he saw the lights of his own dear home, twinkling in the distance.

Down into the middle of the town he went, by the station, post-office, and shop where he had bought this terrible machine, and at last he came to his home. Turning in at the gate, and gathering his little remaining strength, he made a tremendous effort and jumped from the bicycle.

And the bicycle, what *do* you think it did? It stopped short, and stood perfectly still, leaning

against the piazza, and looking as good and demure as any ordinary machine could do. But Gordon did not trust it, and running to the stable, got a strong rope and tied it firmly to the piazza post. Then he went in to his mother, whom he found sobbing bitterly. Running to her and throwing his arms about her, he told her the whole wonderful story, and oh, how glad she was to see him.

“And I thought,” she said, “that I had lost my dear boy. Men are searching for you in every direction, while you, poor little fellow, were in Boreborough, forty miles away.”

She kissed him again and again and after he had eaten something, for he was faint with hunger, he went to bed and slept till eleven o'clock the next day.

“Now, Gordon,” said his mother, “the first thing to do is to make the shop-man take back the bicycle. I will go with you and help you pull it, for you must not get on it again,” and Gordon was very willing to obey.

So they led the machine back, and it did not

seem at all ashamed, but held its bright nickel-plated head up proudly, as if it were a very remarkable machine, and truly I think it was, don't you?

When they got to the shop and told their story to the man, he said: "Why I supposed the boy wanted one of the N. S. machines."

"And what does 'N. S.' mean?" said Gordon.

"Mean?" said the man. "'N. S.' means *Never Stop*. They never stop, you see, till you jump off."

"Indeed they don't," said Gordon, "you are quite right, and I think 'Never Stop' is a very good name for them."

"Well," said Mrs. Randall, "I think that both my son and I would prefer the ordinary bicycle."

So the man exchanged the remarkable "N. S." bicycle for a common one, which is perfectly willing to stop whenever its little master tells it to.

And do you know, the manufacturers found that no one would buy the N. S. machines, so they gave up making them some time ago, and now, no matter where you try, you will find it impossible to buy an N. S. bicycle.



THE TIGER ON THE HUDSON.

HARRY was spending his Christmas vacation at Uncle Ned's. Uncle Ned had a fine place on the Hudson, a place dear to the boy's heart. There was always sure to be snow there long after it had left other places. There were horses, which meant sleigh-rides, unlimited hills, which meant coasting, and lastly dear Uncle Ned and Aunt Susie, who had no children of their own, and who were very, very fond of their nephew. In the house Harry's favorite room was his uncle's "den," which by the way was n't a den at all, but the biggest room in the house. The walls were covered with guns, bows and arrows, odd-looking swords, and pictures of strange places and animals, for Uncle Ned had been a great traveller, and had been at the places and seen the animals himself;

and as he had a big stock of hair-bristling stories to tell about his thrilling adventures and escapes, he was a rare companion. There was a wide fireplace in the room, a good fireplace, which knew its duty, and performed it well, taking its smoke decently up the chimney and not spitting it out into the room, as so many spiteful fireplaces do. There was no carpet on the floor, but across one end of the room lay a magnificent rug, the skin of a "Royal Bengal Tiger," which measured ten feet from tip to tip. Uncle Ned had killed the tiger himself, although Harry had never heard the story.

One time in the summer, when his uncle and he were bathing, Harry had seen on his uncle's arm a long, cruel red scar, extending from shoulder to wrist. "What is that?" said the boy.

"The Bengal tiger and I know all about that," was the answer, "and when you are ten years old, I will tell you the story. You are too young now."

And Harry had not forgotten. He was ten years old, on the twelfth of December, and his first question to his uncle, when he came this time for

his Christmas holidays was: "Will you tell me the story of the tiger, Uncle, for I am now ten, you know?"

Uncle Ned smiled, and said: "Come into my den at five this afternoon, and I will tell you all about it."

So after luncheon, and after two hours spent in coasting, Harry went to the den. His uncle had not yet come in, and he found, on looking at the funny little bronze clock on the mantelpiece, that it was only quarter-past four.

Harry was tired, and threw himself into Uncle Ned's big leather chair to wait. It had already grown quite dark outside, for the December days were short. But the room was not dark, for there was a glorious fire, blazing triumphantly up the chimney, shining upon all the curious interesting things in the room, and showing distinctly each mark, spot, and stripe on the beautiful tiger-skin.

The tiger's head had been stuffed, and two fearfully life-like, green eyes had been placed in it. Harry used to be quite afraid to look into them, they were so awfully real. He was looking at

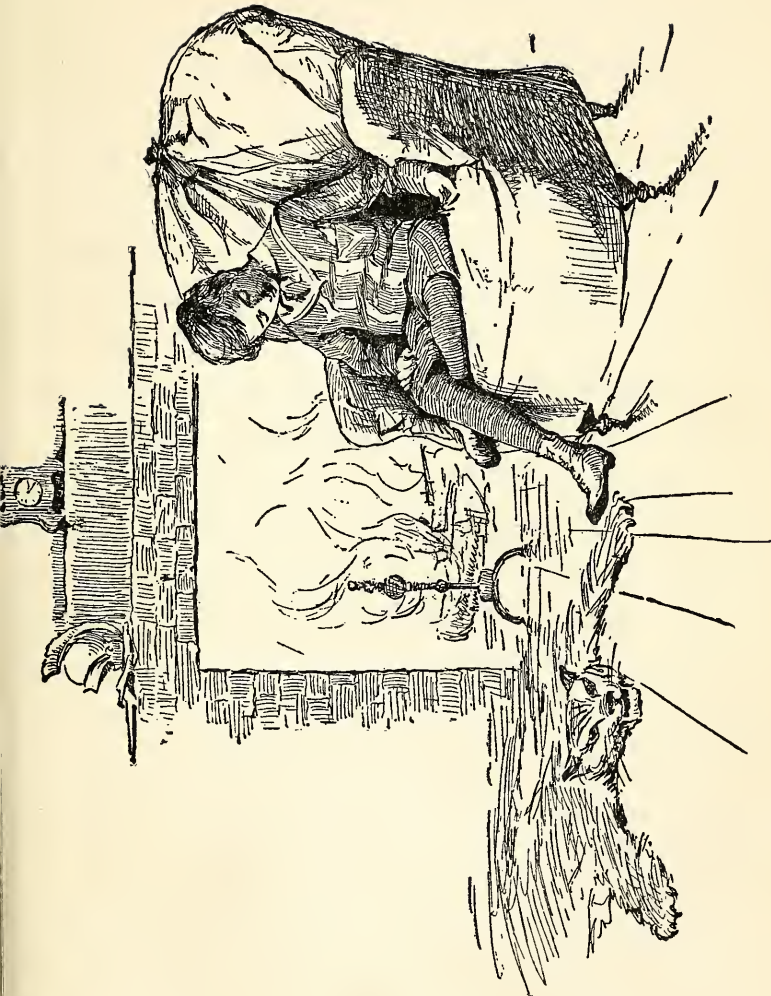
68 The Tiger on the Hudson.

them now when, suddenly, he sprang to his feet in unutterable horror, for he saw that the eyes had begun to *move*! Slowly, slowly they looked round the room, and rested at last, upon *him*!

He met their gaze, and having once looked into those cruel, green glaring eyes, he was entirely unable to move. For fully a minute did those two stare at each other silently, while the small bronze clock ticked busily on, and the fire snapped and crackled its way merrily up the wide chimney. Then the Tiger opened his mouth, and in a rough, hoarse voice *spoke*:

“I heard your uncle say that he would tell you how I, the king of beasts, the *Royal Bengal Tiger* came to lie here. I will tell you first *my* side of the story. Sit still and listen” (and, indeed, Harry was quite unable to do anything else).

“My home was on the banks of the river Ganges. I had a beautiful wife and three beautiful children.” (Here the Tiger’s voice became husky.) “We had a happy home,” he continued, “near an old deserted temple. Plenty of water we had, a pleasant climate and enough to eat. There was a



HARRY WAITING FOR HIS UNCLE. PAGE 67.

village not very far away and there were herds of cattle, stray monkeys, and occasional children. Ah, those happy days, long-gone, long-gone." (The Tiger seemed to be full of feeling.) "Each morning we all went down to the river Ganges for a drink, I leading the way, followed by my gentle wife and my three beautiful children. Then back again, and if game was at hand, and I kept the larder well stocked, we ate our breakfast. My wife was busy all the morning, teaching the little ones to hunt, and they did well, the dear little things—they were *my* children. They killed the smaller creatures, and once, one of them, perhaps the bravest of the three, brought in a small monkey, which he himself had killed, unaided. You can imagine what a proud day that was for his mother and me. Oh, my tender wife, and innocent children, where are you now?" (Here the Tiger sobbed aloud.)

"Well," he continued, when able to speak, "one night I was crouching near the village, watching for prey, when I overheard a conversation between two natives. It seemed that a white

man had arrived at the village the night before, and that he intended to make an end of *me* and *my family*! Oh, how I roared in my rage, when I heard that. How I lashed my tail from side to side, as I hurried home to tell my wife.

“‘Shall we not all go farther into the thicker denser forest,’ said she, ‘farther from the haunts of man?’

“But I turned fiercely upon her. ‘I will defend you,’ I roared, ‘I will defend you.’

“Three days after this, I was taking a nap in a clump of bushes, when I heard an odd crackling noise. Keeping perfectly still, I crouched and listened. The boughs directly over my head were now parted, and there stood a *man*, not two feet away! Never had I been so near a man before. He was a native, and his eyes seemed to have a strange effect on me, for when I looked into them, I was powerless to move. He grew very pale, and his teeth chattered, but he kept his eyes steadily fixed on me, while he slowly, slowly moved backwards. When I could no longer see those strange eyes, I *sprang*, but alas, not upon him! He had

just escaped me, and was running for his life. I was after him like a flash, when suddenly, I saw a white man standing directly in my way, and who did not seem in the least afraid. At this, my rage knew no bounds, for men always fled from me in terror. I lashed my tail savagely, growling all the time. I opened my mouth that the white man might see my long pointed teeth, and I put my gloriously sharp claws in and out, keeping my eyes upon him all the time. He was a tall, thin man, with brown fur covering the lower part of his face. Why did he stand so fearlessly there? How did he dare to brave me? In his hand he held a common black stick, which he had raised to his shoulder and held pointed at me. Roaring louder in my rage, I crouched lower and lower, and then gathering myself together, was just about to spring upon him, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, the common little black stick in the man's hand, *burst!!* Out of the end rushed fire and flame. *Bang! Bang!*—something hit me—a red cloud came before my eyes—I knew no more. And that's how I came to be

here. The next thing I knew, I was lying in this quiet room, with new eyes and ears (oh, why did they take from me my beautiful ears?) and here I have been ever since. I am not the tiger I was, and yet I should n't wonder if after all, there were enough of me left to attack—say—a *small boy!*”

Harry began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable at these words. The tiger's voice, which had been soft, now grew louder.

“I am hungry—I have had nothing to eat for ten long years. *I am hungry,*” he repeated, and this time his voice rose almost to a roar.

For a moment there was silence in the room and then Harry, who was staring, fascinated, saw that the creature was actually coming toward him! Slowly he crept, his long white teeth gleaming in the firelight, and his big green eyes snapping angrily.

“Yes, I am H U N G R Y,” he roared, for the third time, and then poor Harry realized what the tiger's horrible intention was—to satisfy that hunger, by eating *him*. The poor boy's teeth chattered, he trembled violently. In another minute

the creature would be upon him. How could he defend himself?

The *poker*! Springing to his feet and seizing the big iron poker, Harry advanced upon the Tiger.

Meantime, the shovel and tongs, which stood with the poker, followed the law of all fire-irons and fell with a *crash* on the hearth! Roused by this noise, Harry became suddenly conscious that he was standing quite alone in the room, fiercely brandishing the poker at—*nothing*! Rubbing his eyes he looked about him at the quiet room, at the fire which had now burned low, and lastly, and rather timidly, he looked at the tiger-skin rug lying flatly and innocently upon the floor. Just then the door opened, and he heard his uncle's cheery voice.

"Well boysie, are you ready for the grewsome tiger-tale?"

"Why Uncle," said Harry, "I have just heard it."

"Heard it?" said Uncle Ned, in astonishment. "From whom?"

“From the tiger himself.” And then Uncle Ned, looking more carefully at the boy’s flushed face, and tousled hair, laughed long and loud. “You were dreaming, little boy,” he said, at last.

“Oh, Uncle, it was too real to be a dream, I will tell you about it,” and he told him all.

When he had finished, Uncle Ned was very much astonished. “The story is true, just as it really happened,” said he. “My native guide came running back to me with a white face, shouting ‘the tiger, the tiger!’ when out he sprang. I had just time to put my gun to my shoulder and *fire*. Fortunately, my aim was true, for he fell at my feet. I did not, however, know about Madam Tiger or the three little Tigresses, and your friend omitted to tell you that before we parted he gave me this,” and Uncle Ned showed the cruel scar on his arm.

“I went up to him as he lay stretched out at full length on the ground, supposing, of course, that he was quite dead, and he—well, I found that he *was n’t*. But in the main, Harry, the story is true, just as I would have told it myself, and it is

certainly very odd that you should have dreamed it.”

The following year Harry visited his aunt and uncle in September. One day when his uncle was in his den, writing, the boy came in with three tiger-lilies. Going to the tiger, he placed them under his paw.

“And why, dear?” said his uncle.

“Well, Uncle, I know, of course, that he was a very bad tiger to scratch you,” said Harry, “but oh, it was n’t the fault of his three dear little baby tigers—and he loved them dearly—he said so himself, you know, and so—I brought him these three tiger-lilies, one for each.”





LUCIA, THE ORGAN-MAIDEN.

NEVER had Pietro Pitti turned out such a wonderful hand-organ, and that is saying a great deal. It had been made by a new man, who had come from the cold North country, and who had been with Pitti but a short time. He begged to be allowed to make the organ himself.

“I have an idea,” he said, “which, if I can but carry out, will make you famous, master.”

“I have fame already,” was the proud answer.

“Ah, but there is always one step higher, master.”

“Make the organ then, as you will, Northerner,” said Signor Pitti, and the young man had done so.

This day it was finished and was to be tried

for the first time. Signor and Signora Pitti and the children, four small Pittises, were present, while the workmen stood in the background expectant, and many pairs of black eyes were fixed eagerly upon the hand-organ which was brought in by the Northerner. The covering cloth was removed. The organ was made of selected rose-wood, which Signor Pitti always used, and was beautifully polished. But it differed from all the other organs, for in front was a glass window, through which you looked into a beautiful little room hung with soft pink satin.

“A doll’s room, a *salon*,” cried the youngest Signorina Pitti. At the back of this room at one side was a door.

“Well, well,” said Signor Pitti, “but what—”

“Patience, master, for a moment,” said the Northerner, and began to turn the handle of the organ. It played a march through well and clearly, and in perfect time, but then all Signor Pitti’s organs did *that*. Next it played “La Bella Napoli.” Signor and Signora smiled, for they loved their Naples and liked to hear its praises.



PAOLO AND HIS ORGAN, PAGE 81.

Then the door at the back of the small organ-room opened slowly, and out came a most exquisite doll about ten inches high. She was dressed in pink and had long flowing hair, and it was really hard to decide whether her cheeks were pinker than her smile was broad, or her smile broader than her cheeks were pink—they were both unmistakable.

Coming forward she bowed very low to her audience, and as they saw nothing of the spring in her back, or the wire that made her do so, they all bowed politely in return, for it really seemed as if she must be alive. Then slowly, gracefully, the little creature danced around her pink drawing-room in perfect time to the music. When that was finished she bowed once more, the door at the back opened and she disappeared.

The Pitti family were delighted. "Bella, Bella, Wonderful," they cried, and the North-erner's fortune was made from that day.

The organ was sold to one Paolo Cello for quite a large sum of money, and Lucia, the little dancing-lady, danced every day in beautiful

Naples, before hundreds of people. And wherever she appeared, crowds of admirers applauded her.

Sometimes Paolo and she would go to some of the villas in the neighborhood, where she danced tirelessly, under trees laden with big yellow oranges, and with flowers of all colors and kinds growing about her.

One day they went to Pompeii and there, outside its ruined walls, Lucia danced for some foreigners, in full sight of a big mountain out of which smoke was coming forever, forever. Lucia danced and Vesuvius smoked, each attending to its own business. But whenever Lucia danced, whether before strangers or dark-skinned Italians, the result was the same—admiration. And Paolo came to love the little creature almost as if she were alive, and took the best care of her.

The window of her dancing-room, and the room itself were spotless, the machinery well oiled, and Paolo was always very careful to play her music in good time, neither too fast nor too slow—in dancing so much depends upon the music, you know.

82 Lucia, the Organ-Maiden.

Ah, those happy days, they were too good to last, and they did n't. One day Paolo was taken ill.

"We can't go out to-day, little Lucia," he said. He often talked to her as if she were truly alive, and as she did n't know she was n't, perhaps it was just as well.

Worse and worse grew Paolo, as he lay upon his narrow bed in his one small room. Gradually the stock of money which he and Lucia had earned, dwindled, disappeared. One by one the bits of furniture had to be sold. Then came a dreadful day when Paolo pulled up the little window and spoke to Lucia.

"It almost breaks my heart," he said, "but we must part, you and I. I am penniless. A man has offered me a big sum for you. But I have parted with everything else first, Lucia mia," and the poor fellow, pointed round the room, which was indeed quite empty, save for the bed and organ. "But, if I live, I shall work hard and try to buy you back again. Remember that, Lucia." Then Paolo stooped and kissed her, and no one

but he and she knew of that big hot tear which fell on her cheek.

Later, a man knocked at the door, gave money to Paolo, and took the organ away. Then followed unhappy years for poor Lucia. Not that her new master, Antonio, was unkind—he was simply a very careless, untidy man. He left the organ standing in cold places, where the wind crept in and chilled her. Once he left the organ for a while in the street on a stormy day, and the rain came in through a crack in the case and dripped on her pretty pink cheeks. The color ran, and poor Lucia was greatly mortified, and looked it, too. Sometimes Antonio played much too fast, and Lucia was, of course, obliged to dance fast, which, as she was a person of much natural dignity, was very repulsive to her. Sometimes the Master forgot to even oil the machine, and once he put in too much oil. So much that it oozed out over the floor, and poor Lucia's pretty pink slippers were ruined, which, as she was an extremely dainty little thing, hurt her feelings dreadfully.

But worse was to follow. Antonio, who was

quite old, gave up the business and sold the organ to a man named Pietro Nolli, who took it to America. For ten days poor Lucia was put in a dark, dark place on the big steamer, where she heard the most awful roaring noises, and was tossed up and down, from side to side, till she really longed to die. She thought of Paolo and wondered if he had died, and if not, whether she would ever see him again. It comforted her somewhat to remember that he had said he would try and find her and buy her back again.

At last she reached America, and then followed a year of wretched life to the poor dancer. Nothing was done for her. The machinery was broken and not mended. The organ was sadly out of tune, but Pietro neither noticed nor cared. The dust collected in the little drawing-room. The window grew cloudy, but for that Lucia was glad, for she was ashamed of the dirty room, and also, alas, of her dancing. She was older, and had rheumatism, for she was not used to the colder climate of America, and so she danced in quite a stiff jerky way, that would have been funny if it

had not been so sad. However, people still seemed to like to see her dance, and crowded about the organ whenever she began.

One bitterly cold day, Lucia, her bones aching, was about to make her bow, when she felt something *snap* in her back, and instead of bowing forward, she bowed backward! It was with the greatest difficulty that she stood upright again, and went on with the dance. But from that time on, she always bowed the same way, backward and not forward. She had no idea how very funny she looked, and when she heard the shout from the people who were watching her, she supposed, of course, it was a shout of delight, such as she had heard many times in her life, and her poor little cold heart warmed at the sound.

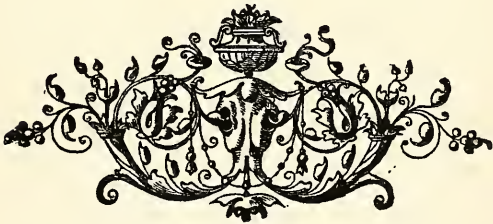
One day, by accident, her window was broken, and of course not mended. So poor Lucia had to dance in her drawing-room with the dust and bitter, biting cold blowing in through the hole. It was a frightful experience for her, with her rheumatism, and dressed in the thinnest of thin tulle with no underclothes to speak of. Through

the cruel hole she could now hear the people talking about her, but instead of the words of praise she had heard all her life, she found that they were laughing at her, making fun of her. At this poor Lucia was almost broken hearted. It seemed to her the very worst blow of all.

She now no longer tried to dance her best, or even to keep up with the squeaky music, and one day she felt very ill, and began to go slow-er and s-l-o-w-e-r, and was about to stop altogether, and never dance again, when she suddenly saw looking at her, through the window a face that she *knew*! A dear face with kind tender eyes, eyes that were full of tears. She heard a voice, a long unheard voice, saying, "Lucia, cara mia, Lucia 't is I, your Paolo, I have found you at last," and then the little dancer heard no more for she fainted and fell on the floor of the room.

Five dollars did Paolo give to Pietro for the organ, and then the old happy days began once more. The machinery was mended, the organ thoroughly made over by Paolo, who understood well his business. Lucia was beautifully and

warmly dressed in rich crimson velvet. Her dignity, grace, and youth came back again, and she danced as before for Paolo, and put her whole heart into it. I saw her only yesterday. I advise you to look carefully at every hand-organ you meet, and perhaps *you* may see her, too.





THE SHADOW.

THERE was once a Shadow, who lived with his six-year-old master, George, in a house by the sea. At least they were there during the long, warm summer, but in winter they lived in the city. George was a dear little fellow, and the Shadow loved him very much, and everywhere that he went, the Shadow went too. That is, when the weather was pleasant, for the Shadow disliked the rain very much and nothing could induce him to go anywhere with his master on a rainy, or even a cloudy day. He would then hide himself, and when the sun shone again, out he would come and run to his master's side.

They were a busy pair, these two. They ate their breakfast very early in the morning—that is, George did, but the Shadow, although well and

strong, never ate anything. After breakfast, they would both put on their play-suits of gray flannel, roll their sleeves up to their elbows, their trousers above their knees, and would go forth bare-legged to the beach, which was about ten minutes' walk from the house. They always wore large, rough



straw hats to shield them from the sun, and carried pails and shovels, and oh, what fine times they had! George's big black dog always went with them. This dog had a very sad, solemn face, and George's papa had named him "Woe." He was not really sad, however, but was kind and merry, liking nothing better than to play and romp with his young master. Sometimes he would lie down on the beach, and George and the Shadow would fill their pails with the warm sand and pour it all over him, till nothing but his black head, and his sad, sad face could be seen. He enjoyed it, and never knew how very funny he looked. One day they had a terrible time, or it might have been if Woe had not been there. But he was, and you shall hear about it.

George and the Shadow were building a sand-house, and needing more wet sand, the boy, quite forgetting that the tide was coming in, ventured too far out. His back was toward the ocean, and suddenly, without a moment's warning, up came a monstrous wave, and striking poor little George, rolled him over and over, and drew him

out to sea. At least it would have done so, had not Woe, with a loud bark, jumped into the water, and seizing him, drew him back to the shore and safety. The wave, meanwhile, hurried back to the sea. He may have been frightened at Woe's loud bark, which was really quite dreadful, or he may have felt that he had done a cowardly thing in striking one so much smaller than he, and moreover one whose back was turned towards him. The poor Shadow, meanwhile, had been standing on the very edge of the ocean, shivering with terror and crying bitterly, and oh, how delighted he was to see his master again.

A few days after this, they made another trip to the beach, and again something happened, which I must tell you about from the very beginning. George, you see, had built a castle of sand and round beach stones (of which there were a great many at hand), and at one end was a tower.

The Shadow, up to this time, had been a very gentle little fellow, willing and eager to do just what his master wanted to do, but he was not very big, you must remember, and this time he very

much wanted a second tower. "Two towers are so much prettier than one," he said to George, who paid no attention, but simply went on building his one tower still higher. At the top he placed a small flag which his mamma had given him that very morning. When the castle was finished, he clapped his hands with delight, and of course the Shadow had to clap his hands too, but oh, how unwillingly he did it. It certainly was hard for him, for not only did George refuse to build the castle as he wanted it, but the poor Shadow had to help George carry the stones and build the castle the way he did *not* want it. Still, he ought not to have got so vexed about it. When his master walked home that afternoon, it was a very cross, sulky little Shadow that followed him.

George, after supper, went to bed and supposed, of course, his shadow had done the same. But he was wide-awake, and had decided to do something very naughty. As soon as all the people in the house were asleep, out crept that little Shadow through the window and across the lighted lawn (for the moon was now shining

brightly), and soon arrived at the beach. Shadows when they are with their masters have to do just as they do, but once let them get away and they sometimes act very strangely. If you ever meet one without his master, watch him and see if he does not act oddly. This one had never been away alone before in his short life, and he felt very free and happy. He ran first from one end of the beach to the other, then danced and hopped about, and finally lay down on the sand and rolled over and over. He was dressed as he had been in the afternoon, pail, shovel, and all.

At last, he said to himself, "Now to my business." And what do you suppose his "business" was? To put another tower on the castle! He knew just how to do it, as he had helped George build the other one that afternoon, you know.

But the poor little fellow had forgotten that although Shadows can work very well with their masters, without them they can do nothing, and when you are older, children, you will find that shadow-people are not the only ones who work

well when the master is present, and not at all when he is absent. Although the Shadow worked hard, he could not carry the sand, he could not drag the stones, and he could not build the tower, for his pail was a shadow-pail, his shovel a shadow-shovel, and he himself the biggest shadow of all. Then he sat down and cried bitterly. A kind-hearted moonbeam, of which there had been millions playing all about, came to him, saying:

“What is the matter?”

He told her, and shining kindly on him, she said:

“Go home, and I promise that the next time you come to the beach, you shall find two towers on the castle.”

“How can you do that?” he asked, but as the moonbeam had already gone, of course she could not answer this.

The Shadow, comforted, in spite of himself, by her promise, thought he would go home, but before he had gone half the distance, he was so tired that he lay down for a nap by the roadside. He meant to take only a very short nap, but he slept

and slept and slept. The sun came up and dried the dew from the flowers and grass, and still he slept! Suddenly he was awakened by hearing voices. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, for there coming toward him, were George's papa and mamma. With them was George, and behind him, if you will believe me, walked a strange, *new Shadow!* Our Shadow ran up to him, and said angrily:

“Go away, this is my master.”

“No,” said the strange one, smiling saucily, “look again at George.”

The Shadow did, and saw that the boy was dressed in his best serge suit, his brown shoes and stockings, and his round brown hat, and then he remembered that this was Sunday and that George was on his way to church.

“Now,” said the strange Shadow, proudly, “look at me.”

Our Shadow did, and found that he was dressed exactly like George. Then, knowing that it was the first duty of a good Shadow to dress like his master in every particular, he realized that George

did not want him, dressed as he was. Had the boy turned and found him following, dressed in his play-suit, large hat, shovel, pail, and all, I am sure he would have been very much frightened, although he was not a boy to be "afraid of his own shadow." So the Shadow stood sadly back, and when they were gone, he began to cry.

"What is the matter?" said a tiny gray bird, who was sitting on a twig by his side, and he told her the whole story.

"Stop crying, and I will help you," said the bird. "Go first and put on your brown clothes, just like George's. I, meanwhile, will fly up to the sky and tell a friend of mine, a dear cloud, to send down some rain. Then, of course, the Shadow, who is now with George at church, will have to run home. When he gets there, the rain will stop, and then will be *your* chance. Run as fast as your little shadow-legs will carry you to your master, and even if the wrong Shadow runs too, I am sure you can go faster, as he will be tired from his former run."

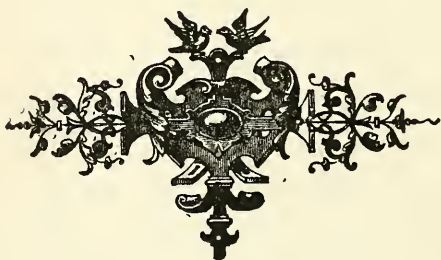
“Thank you, thank you, dear bird,” said the Shadow.

He hurried then to change his clothes, and sure enough, very soon, down came the rain as the bird had promised, and in rushed the wrong Shadow, breathless. Then the rain ceased and our Shadow fairly flew to the church. But the wrong one, realizing what had happened, flew too, and oh, what a mad race they had. But as the bird had foretold, the right one reached the church first, and when the services were over, back walked George, followed closely by his own Shadow. He was very glad to be near his master again, and began to feel badly for his naughtiness. The next day, off they went to the beach, the Shadow walking very, very slowly and hanging his guilty little head.

“I wonder if the moonbeam will have really built the other tower, and will George be very angry?” he thought.

Now when they got to the beach, they went directly to the castle, and what do you think they found? The moonbeam had kept her word. There were, to be sure, two towers, one at one end and

one at the other, but one was a “really, truly” tower, while the other—was only a “*shadow-tower*” ! So George was not at all angry, and the Shadow was happy. But do you know he has never left his master again, and the next pleasant day you meet George, watch and see if his Shadow is not close at his heels.





WHAT THE SQUIRREL DID FOR RICHARD.

RICHARD had found a big and tempting chestnut in the woods, and was about to eat it, when he heard a "chit, chit, chit," overhead, and looking up saw, perched on the swaying branch of a tree, a red squirrel, whose bright eyes were fixed wistfully on the chestnut; so wistfully that Richard knew at once what the little creature wanted. It was late for chestnuts, there were not many to be found, and this one was large and mealy. But Richard was a kind-hearted boy, and so he said: "You shall have the nut, squirrel," and placing it on a stone under the



tree, he walked off a few feet. Down scampered the squirrel, seized the nut, and was up again on the branch in a twinkling, where he sat cracking and nibbling it, with the greatest enjoyment. Richard stood under the tree watching him.

“Is n’t it good?” he said. “I am awfully glad I gave it to you.”

“Chit, chit,” said the squirrel; and then, to Richard’s astonishment, he uttered these words in very good English: “You have been kind to me, little boy. You have not only given away what is yours, but, more than that, something which you yourself wanted very much. To do that, is the greatest kindness one can show to another. Now, as it happens, I am a powerful squirrel, and in return for your kindness, I am going to give you a gift, which some time will be of the greatest use to you. Now, mark my words: Whenever you rub the little finger of your right hand across your chin, you will at once become a squirrel.” Then he ceased speaking, and vanished!

Richard stood there, staring in astonishment, rubbing his eyes, and wondering if the squirrel had

really spoken to him. "Of course I know," he said, "that I can't turn into a squirrel, even if I rubbed the little finger of my right hand over my chin, all day long."

But, just to convince himself, he drew his right hand little finger across his chin, and before you could count two, he found he had actually become a dear little red squirrel, and was running quickly up a tree! (Perhaps to get away from the small boy, who had stood there, only a moment before.)

"What fun this is," he thought, "to stay in these beautiful woods all day long—to have to do no lessons, and not to go to bed till I want to. Oh, how happy I am."

The next two hours he spent in taking flying leaps from tree to tree, startling all the other squirrels and wood-creatures, who scolded him roundly for disturbing their afternoon naps. Then he felt tired, and sat down upon a soft mossy stone to rest. It had begun to grow dark, and the boy-squirrel for the first time thought of his dear mother and his comfortable home. And then—then—he remembered that his mother would not

know him as he was now, and that his friend, the squirrel, had neglected to tell him how he was to turn himself back into a boy again.

“Then I must always be a squirrel,” he said, “and never, never go home to dear Papa and Mamma any more.”

At this dreadful thought his tears began to flow, and, forgetting that he was no longer a boy, he tried to put his little paw into his pocket, to get a handkerchief to wipe those tears. Suddenly he caught sight of his bushy tail. “The very thing for a handkerchief,” he thought, and was about to use it, when he noticed on the extreme end of the tail, and almost hidden by the soft fur, a small knob that looked very much like an electric-bell button. On this was printed, in letters so small that, had not his eyes been very small too, I am sure he never could have read it, “Press the button.” Curling his tail over his head, he pressed the knob hard against his little sharp brown nose, and immediately he became—Richard—the boy, again.

Running home as fast as he could, for he felt

a bit dazed by these quick changes, he rushed into the house. His mother was sitting before the fire, sewing, while the big pet cat, "Tabby," lay curled upon the rug at her feet. Richard was in a state of great excitement, and when Mrs. Burton heard the story of the squirrel, which he told her, she smiled and said :

"My little boy must not lie down in the woods and take his naps again."

"Oh, Mamma, you think I was dreaming, but this was no dream. I can really turn myself into a squirrel, whenever I like—I will show you." And Richard rubbed the little finger of his right hand over his chin, and then, how it happened Mrs. Burton could never tell, but the first thing she knew, her boy had vanished, and running across the room she saw a little red squirrel !

But alas ! the cat had seen it, too, and like a flash was after it, giving it no time to press the knob, and change itself back into a boy. Poor Mrs. Burton screamed in her fright, while round the room, over chairs and tables, flew the two ! Then the boy-squirrel ran to his mother's arms for

protection. She held him high in one hand, beating down the cat with the other, till the squirrel got a chance to press the button, and Mrs. Burton found that she was holding her own dear boy in her arms. Poor woman, she was so weak that she was unable to speak for some time, and indeed it is not strange that this was so, for to see one's only child pursued and almost eaten up by a pet cat, was an unusual and extremely trying experience for any mother.

When she had recovered herself, she said to Richard, with tears in her eyes: "Promise me that you will never turn yourself into a squirrel again, unless, indeed, you can save your life by so doing." Richard promised, and for two years he remained just a plain, common boy, like other boys.

Then one day, in summer, he went bathing in the river with some friends. Forgetting the strong current in mid-stream, he ventured out too far from the shore, and, to his horror found that he was being carried away in spite of himself. His friends shouted to him, but did not venture to go

to his help. Suddenly, floating on the water near, he saw a piece of wood, about a foot long. This he seized, and clung desperately to it. His strength was fast leaving him, and he could no longer swim. But alas! the board was not big enough to bear his weight, and the poor boy felt himself sinking! Just then, fortunately, he remembered that he could save himself by turning himself into a squirrel, and quickly rubbing his finger over his chin, in a twinkling a very wet little red squirrel, crawled up on the board and leisurely floated down-stream!

The boys on the shore, seeing Richard no more, thought he had sunk, and shouting "He is drowned," ran to tell his mother. Half a mile down-stream, the board with the squirrel was washed ashore, and the little creature ran through the woods, till he came to the place on the river-bank where he had left his clothes, when, pressing the knob, "Richard was himself again."

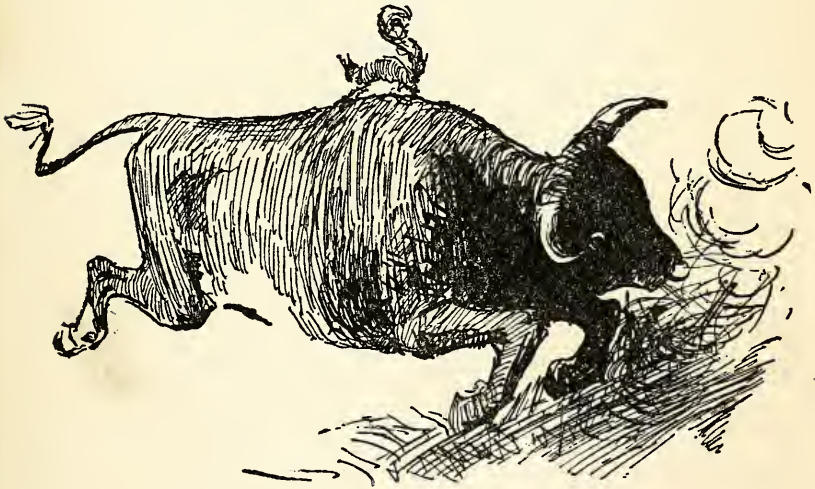
Dressing himself, he ran home to his mother, who was crying bitterly, having heard from the boys that he was drowned. She could scarcely

believe her eyes, when she saw him standing there alive before her. He told her what had saved his life, and then, indeed, she felt grateful to the squirrel.

Just a week from this time, Richard went from his father's house to the village on an errand. Instead of going by the regular road, he made a "short-cut," going through Farmer Newbone's pasture, entirely forgetting the dangerous bull, who was in it. He was half-way across when he heard a loud bellowing, a snorting and puffing, and turning, saw, to his horror, the bull! The animal's eyes were glaring angrily, and tossing his head in fury, he was coming with tremendous speed toward the little boy, who stood there, trembling with fear! He knew that the bull would be upon him, before he could possibly reach the wall, and feared his last moment had come, when, fortunately, he happened to remember that he could turn himself into a squirrel, and so escape. Then he sat down on the ground, and calmly waited for the bull to come on! He held his finger all ready within an inch of his chin, and

smiled at the thought of the bull's astonishment when he should disappear before his eyes.

And now the animal was very near, was almost upon him. Richard waited till he could feel the hot breath upon his face, when he quickly rubbed his finger on his chin, and—then—a red squirrel ran right up the animal's nose, over his head,



along his back, down his tail, across the field, and over the high wall, before the astonished bull had finished staring at the place where there had certainly been a boy only a moment before !

108 What the Squirrel Did for Richard.

Years after, when Richard grew to be twelve years old, he went one time with his father to a city fifty miles from his home, to spend a week. They had a room on the fifth floor of a big, noisy hotel. The boy had a fine time, for his father was very kind to him, showing him everything, and taking him about constantly. One night Richard, being tired, went to bed at eight o'clock. His father had gone for the evening, to see a gentleman on business. The boy had been asleep for about an hour, when suddenly he woke up, feeling choked, and found that the room was full of smoke! Springing from his bed, he put on his clothes and ran to the door, only to be met by still thicker smoke, while below he could hear a roaring noise, and the cries of frightened people!

Running then to the window, he looked out into the street, five stories below. He knew that if he jumped, it would kill him instantly, and he also realized, poor boy, that if he stayed where he was, he would surely be burned to death, for he could see the angry flames bursting out from the lower windows of the hotel.

What the Squirrel Did for Richard. 109

A narrow coping, about six inches wide, ran under his window, to the corner of the big building, and from there a water-spout led to the ground; but even supposing that he could walk on this narrow ledge, he certainly could never, never slide down to the ground on a water-spout. A cat might do it, but certainly not a boy. And thinking of a cat, reminded him of the power which the squirrel had given him so long before. Why could he not become a squirrel, and so escape this dreadful death? It was now five years, however, since he had been a squirrel, the last time being when he had raced over the bull's back, you know.

With a beating heart, poor Richard rubbed the little finger of his right hand on his chin, and *immediately* a red squirrel was running quickly along the narrow ledge (which seemed a broad safe way to him) toward the water-spout! Reaching this, he ran easily, swiftly down.

"There 's a kitten," said a man in the crowd.

"No, it's a rat," said another, for no one

thought of a country squirrel coming out of a city hotel.

When the little creature was almost down, he met with a painful accident. He caught one of the claws of his right front paw on a rusty nail, and in his haste to get down, it was broken off! When he reached the ground, he managed to change himself into Richard again, without anyone noticing it, in the noise and confusion. Then, looking about him in the crowd, he saw at a little distance, his poor father, who stood there with the tears running down his cheeks, and who was offering a great deal of money to anyone who would go into the burning hotel, and save his boy, but no one would go. Twice he had tried to go himself, but the people held him back, and would not let him. Richard ran to him, and the father and son, and indeed all the people about, cried, but it was for joy. Then Richard noticed that his right hand was bleeding, and remembered the rusty nail that had torn his paw a moment before, when he was a squirrel. Looking at his hand, he found, to his horror, that the little finger was *gone!*

What the Squirrel Did for Richard. 111

“Oh, dear, oh, dear,” he cried, “then I fear I shall never be able to turn myself into a squirrel again.”

And so it proved, for from that time on, although he rubbed each finger across his chin, taking one at a time, and giving each a fair trial, it was in vain. A boy he was, and a boy he had to remain.





THE RUNAWAY WATCH.

LUCY had come to spend a few weeks with her aunt at the seashore. She had arrived the night before, and as the train was late, she had to go to bed directly she got to the house. After breakfast the next day, she went to the beach, and was very much excited—for, do you know she had never, never seen the ocean before. Her own home was in a city, far in the west and this was the first time she had ever been away from it. When she came in sight of the water, you cannot imagine how surprised and delighted the little city child was. She gazed and gazed at the ocean, lying so calmly, quietly before her.

“And this is the great Atlantic,” she said, then turning, she saw the beach. “Oh, what a beauti-

ful beach," she exclaimed, and indeed it was, being very long, and with hard, firm sand, which was almost as white as snow. The waves were rolling up very gently,—ah, it was all unlike anything that Lucy had ever seen before, and very, very beautiful. She took out her watch and looking at it, found that she had two hours before luncheon to remain in this enchanting place.

And now, while she is holding the watch in her hand I must describe it to you, for this story is really not about Lucy at all, but about her watch. In the first place, one glance at his fine open face, would show anyone what a thoroughly good watch he was. He was always "up to time," and was therefore very successful as a business watch. He employed several hands, but as he always kept them steadily at work, he never had a strike. He was a repeater, but *not* a gossip, and, in fact, required considerable pressing before he would consent to speak at all.

When Lucy took her watch out, and it heard the roar of the ocean, it was so astonished that it actually stopped short. Like Lucy, this was its

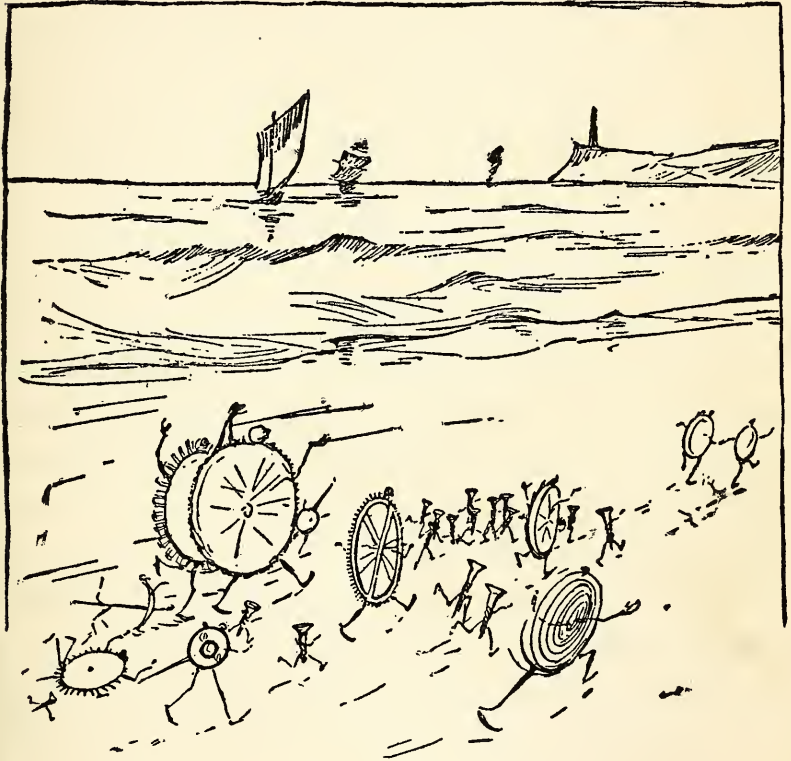
first visit to the seashore. The hands knocked off work, and rushing to the small glass window, looked forth at the astounding scene. Then back they scurried and said to the master of the works :

“Our mistress is having a fine time in this sand. We, too, demand a holiday. We have kept steadily at work all these years, and please, please, let us go.”

The master himself was very much excited at what he had seen from the watch window, and to tell the truth, was just as eager as they to investigate for himself, so he gave his consent, and out rattled the hands, the small cog-wheels, big wheels, main-spring, and everything that is in a watch, till the case was quite, quite empty.

Then being careful to keep out of Lucy's sight, these strange little things, went rolling, rattling, clattering down the beach. The cog-wheels got clogged with sand once in a while, and one of the hands had to go and put him right again. The main-spring was broken, in one of his mad rushes, but that did not give anyone the slightest uneasiness, for he was in the habit of

breaking often, anyway, and always without the slightest provocation. They threw sand at each



other, shouted, laughed, and behaved just as children do. At last one of the wheels caught sight of Lucy in the act of rising to go back.

“Hurry, hurry,” he screamed, “or she will go

without us !” and then how the works flew ! They had never, when in the case, been known to hurry in the least, but now they fairly jostled each other in their eagerness. The hands kept themselves well in hand, the main-spring, broken as he was, *did* spring, and the cog-wheels clogged, and they finally did get there, just in time to fly breathless into the case, but not in time to brush off the sand. Lucy fortunately did not take out her watch. If she had happened to do so, I am sure she would have been much astonished at its condition.

The works, meanwhile, had somewhat recovered themselves. The wheels took their places, the hands theirs, and the head master gave the order, standing before them :

“ Tick-tick, tick-tick, *go !* ” And they all bent to their work, only to find that they were unable to get on at all. “ Scratch, squeak-i-ty, scratch,” was the only sound they could make. Then the hands quarrelled, each accusing the other of not doing his work, and so stopping all the machinery. Then the wheels took it up, one saying to the other :

“ It is your fault.”

"It's not," was the indignant answer, "it's *yours*."

"Hush, hush," said the case, "I will settle this matter for you," and as he naturally knew more about the case than anyone could, they listened respectfully.

"You don't get on," said he, "simply because you are clogged with sand."

"He is right," said the master, and we can do no more till we go to the watchmaker's."

That night, when Lucy tried to wind her watch, it would n't wind. She listened, and there was no friendly "tick-tick" to be heard. So the next day she took it to the maker, who was very much surprised when he examined the works.

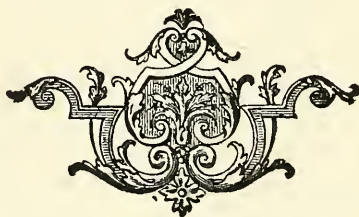
"Well, well, little girl," said he, "what have you been doing to this watch? It looks as if you had rolled it in sand, thrown sand at it, and poured sand into it."

Lucy was very much ashamed, but as she really had no idea how it came about, she could say nothing.

"It must have happened yesterday," said her

aunt, "and the next time you go to the beach the watch had better remain at home."

And so the works were punished for their naughtiness, for they never got even a glimpse of the beautiful ocean again, and had to remain quietly in their case ever after, saying "Tick-tick, tick-tick." And sometimes if you listen *very* closely, you may hear them say, softly and regretfully, "Atlan-tic, Atlan-tic, Atlan-tic."





A GRASSHOPPER'S TRIP TO THE CITY.

ONCE upon a time there was a green Grasshopper, who lived with his papa and mamma, his brother and sisters, under a daisy in a green field. Near them was a big red house, and in the house lived a boy whose name was Southworth. This boy owned a beautiful cat called Propriety, which was a very long name, but then she was a very long cat. She was gray, and had the greenest eyes you ever saw, but she had one serious fault—she was very fond of eating grasshoppers. She would crouch in the long grass, and when one appeared, out would come her paw, and that grasshopper would never, never hop any more. She knew no better, but that did not make it any happier for the grasshopper.

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Southworth thought that Propriety's eyes were green because she ate so many grasshoppers. I can scarcely believe it was so, however, because some cats drink only milk, and I never saw any cat with white eyes, did you?

Now the Grasshopper who lived under the daisy, asked his mother one day if he might take a "hop." He did n't say walk as you do, as he did n't know how to walk. His mother said yes, but told him to be very careful to keep away from Propriety. He said he would, and off he hopped.

He had a lovely time, looking at all the pretty flowers in the field. He saw a great, ripe raspberry hanging temptingly just where he could reach it. Now, a few days before, he had seen Southworth eating a raspberry, and had heard him say, "How delicious!" so he thought he too would taste this berry. But he did not like it at all, so popped it out as quickly as he could, and looked sadly down at his pretty green coat that was all stained with the red juice. He was a neat grasshopper, and he wiped his little mouth

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and coat and legs as well as he could with a clean leaf that grew near.

He had hopped quite a distance from his home by this time, and feeling tired, looked about for a nap-place. He soon found it—a flat stone on which the sun had been shining all the morning, making it warm and comfortable. He lay down in the very middle of it, and was soon fast asleep.

Now under this stone there was a hole, and in it lived a black snake. He, too, was fond of sleeping and had his own favorite nap-place—on the very same warm flat stone on which the Grasshopper was lying.

The Snake came from his hole, looked about, and said: "I think I will take a nap." So he crawled up on the stone (not noticing the Grasshopper) and curled himself round and round and round and went to sleep. Not a very comfortable position for a nap, but then he was only a snake, and, I daresay, had no kind mother to tell him to "lie straight."

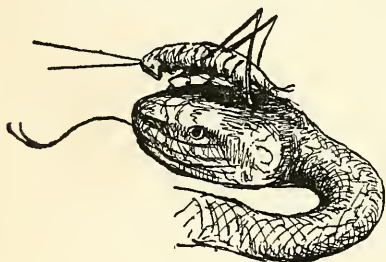
Pretty soon the Grasshopper woke up, and you never saw such a surprised Grasshopper as this

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one. At first he thought there was a black mountain before him. Then he found that the "black mountain" went entirely round him.

"I must jump," said he, and he did. But he was sleepy, and he was frightened, and where do you think he jumped? Directly on the Snake's head!

This woke up the Snake, who lifted his head and said, "hsssssss."



But, of course, he could not see the Grasshopper, nor could he touch him. The Grasshopper did n't know what "hsssssss" meant, but it sounded very dreadful, and being

now thoroughly awake, he made a tremendous jump, high in the air, and came down—on something warm, soft, gray! At first he thought 't was a new kind of grass, and then his heart stood still, for he found that he was on the head and right between the ears of his greatest enemy—Propriety, who was crouching in the grass, watching for grasshoppers! He gave one agonized jump for his life!

'T was a high jump, 't was a long jump, and his next landing place was not land at all, but water, for the poor little fellow found himself in a pond. It seemed like the ocean to him, and he called loudly for "help, help!"



Just then he saw, floating on the water, something green. He made a great effort and succeeding in reaching it, scrambled up on a large leaf. It was a lily-pad, and beside it grew a most beautiful pink water-lily.

"Poor little fellow," said the Leaf, "rest on

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me. I will rock you very gently and you will soon be better."

And the Lily bent her beautiful head and said : " Yes, rest, come nearer me, for I carry a perfume that must surely make you better."

The Grasshopper, who was very polite, thanked them both, and sure enough was soon well again.

" You are beautiful," he said to the Lily, who blushed, growing pinker than ever. " I am sorry," continued the Grasshopper, " that you cannot hop about. I am sure it would give every one in our field the greatest pleasure to see you. Oh, if you could only hop about and shed your delicious perfume." The Water-Lily smiled (I suppose you have never seen a water-lily smile, and did n't know they could do so, but this was a very *remarkable* lily).

" Little Grasshopper," said she, " I should feel sad indeed if I thought I should remain here forever, and do no good in the world ; but my brothers and sisters have always been taken to the hot, dusty city, and given to poor people, many of whom have never seen the beautiful country, and

A Grasshopper's Trip to the City. 125

the green growing things. They have been happy in seeing the lilies, and the lilies themselves have been happy in the knowledge that they were giving pleasure, and so doing good."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when voices were heard, and two boys appeared, one holding a large bunch of beautiful water-lilies.

"Oh," said he, pointing to our lily, "here is a fine pink one. I must pick that."

Meanwhile, the Grasshopper had been thinking over what the Lily had said, and he, too, longed to do good. He knew he was a fine jumper, for his father had often told him so, and he also knew that he was a pretty little fellow, being very green and having long slender legs. He thought: "Now perhaps those poor city people would like to see a grasshopper fresh from the country." In a twinkling his mind was made up. He, too, would go to the city; so he jumped right into the very heart of the Lily. She was surprised, but pleased.

The boy, meanwhile, waded into the shallow water, picked the Lily, and walked with it a long

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way down a wooded road till he came to a railway station. Soon a train came "puff, puff, puffing" along. The Grasshopper was very much frightened, and clung closely to the Lily. She herself was trembling with fear, but said kindly, "Do not be afraid, I will protect you, dear." The train stopped, and the boy with the flowers clasped tightly in his hand, stepped on board and walked through the car, calling :

"Lilies, lilies for sale, ten cents a bunch!"

A lady bought them, and on they went toward the dusty city. Before very long the train, the lady, the lilies, and the Grasshopper arrived. Then they took a horse-car, and on they went again, till they came to a big red building, which they entered. Over its door was the name, "Children's Hospital," but the Lily and the Grasshopper did not know that, for they had never been taught to read. Another lady, dressed in black and wearing a tall white cap, now appeared, and taking the flowers placed them in a green vase filled with water. And oh, how glad they were to taste water again, for they were very thirsty.

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"I brought these," said the first lady, "thinking that perhaps the poor children at the hospital, who are ill and suffering, might enjoy them."

"Indeed they will," said the other lady.

Then the lilies were taken into a large room, where there were many small white beds, side by side, and on each bed lay a little child. They were good children, and although they were all ill, they knew they were there to be made better by the kind doctors and nurses, so they were very patient and uncomplaining.

When the lilies were brought in, many heads were raised to look at them, while many voices said, "How beautiful," and one boy asked, "What are those pretty things? Flowers?" Poor fellow he had never seen any water-lilies before. The nurse let each child smell them, and the pink Lily whispered to the Grasshopper, "Now I am happy, for I am doing good." The flowers were placed on a small table between two beds.

"Lily dear," said the Grasshopper, "don't you think this is a good time for me to appear? I am sure these children will be glad to see me. I will

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hop from bed to bed, so that each child may have a good look at me. Then I, too, shall be doing good."

"Well," said the Lily, "go."

So out hopped the little fellow, first on the bed nearest. But the girl who lay there, did n't see him, so he jumped directly on her hand. But the child, who had never seen a grasshopper before, was so frightened that she screamed loudly.

"'T was a bug, a horrid green bug," she said to the nurse, who hurried to her bedside. The Grasshopper, much frightened, jumped to the next bed, and then to the next, but alas, alas, only to be met with shrieks of fear. The nurses ran from bed to bed trying to catch him, screaming too, and I am sure he would have screamed louder than any of them only he did n't know how to do it. At last he managed to hop back unseen to his friend, the Lily, and curled down in his old place, crying bitterly. She comforted him, folding her petals closely about him, and he lay there hidden and at rest. There he remained

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for several days, till at last the Lily told him she was dying.

"We must all die, you know, and I have done my work, so am ready to go."

The next morning, when the Grasshopper said, "Good morning, dear Lily," she did not answer. Her beautiful head was drooping. She was *dead*.

Soon the nurse came, and taking the flowers, away, threw them into an ash-barrel. The Grasshopper hopped out, and kissing his Lily for the last time, sat near her, on the top of the rubbish. He felt very badly, for his only friend had gone from him. A man soon appeared, who emptied the contents of the barrel into a big wagon, but the Grasshopper jumped just in time, and landed on the very top of the load—a little speck of bright green, in the midst of the ashes and rubbish. The cart rattled noisily over the city streets, and soon came in sight of the sea. Its contents were emptied into a big boat, which was waiting at the wharf. Again the Grasshopper jumped, and once more found himself on the very top of everything. He looked about and

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saw rubbish, rubbish, rubbish, everywhere. "Tchu, tchu, tchu," and on went the steamboat down the harbor.

An old tin Can that was lying near, said, "Good morning. Baaaa."

"Good morning," answered the Grasshopper, "but why 'baaaa'?"

"Because," said the Can, proudly, "I am a Mutton-can, so of course I say 'baaaa.'"

"Oh, of course," assented the Grasshopper, adding politely, "I am sure it sounded very pretty, only I did n't know quite what it meant, Sir."

"Quite excusable," said the Can.

"Where are we going?"

"To be emptied into the sea," answered the Can. Then noticing the terrified look on the Grasshopper's face, he added: "You must not give yourself the slightest uneasiness, however, for I can float."

After this abominably selfish speech, the Can settled himself back very comfortably, and smiled.

"But *I* can't float," said the poor Grasshopper, "and what will become of me?"

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"Get off," was the laconic answer.

"Where?"

"We stop at another wharf farther down the harbor, and there will be your chance. Baaaa!"

"Thank you, kind Can. I will," said the Grasshopper, and when they reached the next wharf, off he jumped.

He hopped and hopped till he came to a stone wall, and over this he skipped, finding himself in a beautiful field, in which grew a wilderness of daisies.

"How do you do?" said they.

"And how are you?" answered he. "What is the name of this place?"

"Quincy."

"What!" cried the Grasshopper, "then this is where I live." Just then he saw, not far away, a large red house, which he at once recognized as the home of Southworth and Propriety.

I am sure no grasshopper ever hopped his little way to his home more quickly than this one. Soon he came to his own field, and there under the home-daisy sat his mamma crying bitterly for her

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son. As he came near he heard her say: "Oh, I shall never, never see him again." Then up he went and gave her one big kiss on her cheek. When she saw who it was, she cried again, but this time it was from joy, and the Grasshopper cried with her. Soon his papa, and all his brothers and sisters came up, and he told them about his travels. When he had finished, he said to his mother: "I shall never go away from you again, but always live here in this field." And they say that he lived to a "green old age," but then, to be sure, he was very green, to begin with.

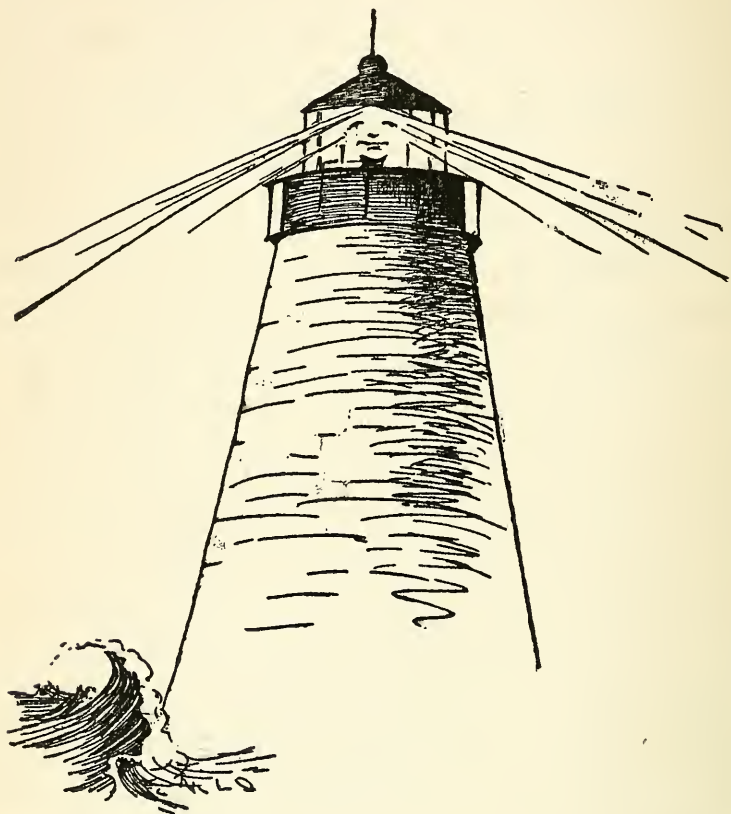




THE LIGHT-HOUSE LAMP.

I AM now going to tell you about a lamp. Not the kind that you are used to, but one much bigger. She lived in the very top of a light-house, which stood upon a small island far out at sea. The island was good and gentle herself, but all about her were dangerous, cruel rocks. Some of them lifted their dark, sullen heads far above the water, and in the daytime could be plainly seen, when of course, the sailors kept away from them, but at night, the boats might have sailed directly upon them, had it not been for our good Lamp. In the light-house lived a man and his wife. The man loved his Lamp, and it was well worthy his affection, for in spite of two very large wicks, it was itself anything but wicked, and had really no vice, although once in a great while, it

did smoke. The man gave much time to it, keeping it always bright and shining, and in return for



this kind care, the Lamp burned with a clear, strong blaze that could be seen for miles, shining

through the light-house windows, which surrounded it on all sides.

One night after the Lamp had been lighted, a dreadful storm arose. The wind roared. The waves dashed higher and higher, but the Lamp burned on. The light-house keeper came up to see that all was right, and spoke to it as he often did.

“Burn brightly, my good Lamp, and you and I between us may save many a life this night.”

“I will, I will, master,” said the Lamp.

Still louder roared the dreadful wind, and higher and higher dashed the waves. One lifted his head so high that he looked through the light-house window, directly into the Lamp’s face, but she did not flinch.

“Go out,” said the waves.

“Yes, go out,” roared the wind. “There is a big steamer coming, and heading directly for these rocks. I will blow her on them, and my friends, the waves, will dash her over and over against them, and destroy her.”

“Cruel, cruel,” cried the Lamp, “but I will pre-

vent your doing this wicked thing. I will save these people, in spite of you," and the brave Lamp burned brighter than ever. And the poor, exhausted sailors in the storm-tossed boat saw at last the light.

"Oh," said they, "there must be rocks near, for see, that is a light-house," and they turned the boat quickly from the danger, and went safely on their way, blessing the little Lamp who had done so much for them. Then the wind and the waves were very, very angry.

"We will put out this saucy Lamp, who dares to put her puny strength against our might."

So they made still greater efforts, and the dashing of the waves and the roaring of the wind were horrible to hear. "Such a storm as this was surely never known," said the keeper to his wife, "but do not fear, the light-house is firm." And above them the Lamp burned calmly on, happy in the knowledge that she had done right. Then the wind and the waves, tired out at last, rested for a moment, and in the silence the Lamp spoke to them, telling them how wickedly they had acted.

“Don't you know why you, with all your power, were unable to do anything against me?”

“No,” said they.

“Because,” said she, “on my side is right, and on yours wrong, and wrong cannot stand against right. How much better it would be if you would use your great power to help me in doing good.”

And at last, do you know, the wind and the waves, listening to these words, began to feel very badly for their wickedness. The waves shed tears (at least, I suppose they were tears, as they were very salt) and all through the night, the wind sighed and moaned piteously round the light-house, while the waves sobbed and kissed the island below, in their sorrow. In the morning they said :

“We will help you, dear little Lamp, and we will try hard to be good, if you will show us how.”

This the Lamp gladly promised to do. And the wind and the waves have kept their word, for if a ship comes near those rocks in a storm, the wind simply blows it by the dangerous place, and I am happy to say there has never, never been a wreck there.



MONKEY TRICKS IN THE JUNGLE.

THIS is the story of a little gray Elephant. He was not a circus Elephant, but lived at his home, which was far, far away in Africa. If you or I had been there, we should have found many strange, interesting things to see, but the Elephant cared not for them. He only knew that this was home, and the place where his big gray mamma and he lived happily together. His mother was very kind and allowed him to go wherever he liked, and his "likes" took him sometimes far from his home, for he was a great walker. His trunk, he always kept with him, in readiness for his journeys.

One day, he bade his mother good-bye, and started out on a long, long tramp. He passed many gorgeous flowers that you or I should

have picked, had we been there. The air was alive with the cries of strange creatures, and beautiful birds were constantly flying by him, their brilliant green, crimson, and orange plumage almost too dazzling to look at. But the Elephant paid not the slightest attention to them. We never notice sparrows, and to him these gorgeous birds were simply sparrows, and he had seen them all his life.

On and on he went. Once he heard a low, threatening growl, a rustling in the bushes, and he turned quickly back, choosing another path. He was much frightened, for well he knew that that low sound meant that a lion was near. His face grew fairly gray with fright—at least it would have done so, had it not already been so very gray. But he heard no more from the lion. Soon he began to feel tired and hungry.

“I will lunch,” said he, and choosing a cool, comfortable place under the shade of a big palm tree, he began. He had chicken-sandwiches, pickles, French-fried potatoes, custard pie, caramels, —no, I fear I have made a mistake. That was not

exactly the luncheon that this little African Elephant had, after all. He had—well, to tell the truth, I am not quite sure what he did have, but I know that it was good. He finished with a long draught of the delicious jungle-ade (please don't ask me how to make this, as it can only be made correctly in Africa).

Just as he was finishing, he heard a "chat, chat, chattering," and looking up saw a mischievous little monkey sitting overhead, and swinging himself lazily back and forth on a branch. He had bent a very thirsty eye upon what remained of the jungle-ade, and the Elephant, seeing this, said cordially:

"Have some?"

He was a generous soul, and then also he had really had as much jungle-ade as it was possible for one young elephant to drink. The Monkey seized the cup, and there was soon no jungle-ade.

"Elephant, that was delicious, and I am sure I thank you very much," said he, "and now, can I not in return do something for you?"

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"Yes, you can. A gnat has just bitten me," said the Elephant, sadly.

"Really?" said the Monkey. "Well, you are not the first one who has been bitten by a gnat."

"But he bit me on my back," said the Elephant, "where it is impossible for me to scratch. I have tried and tried, but alas, it is just out of reach of my trunk. Now, Monkey, if you will scratch it for me, I shall be greatly obliged." And the Monkey did. But alas, the naughty little fellow did it too well, for he scratched and scratched and scratched and scratched.

"Stop, stop, stop," yelled the Elephant.

"Oh no," said the Monkey, "I am sharpening my nails beautifully and I don't want to stop."

"I will punish you," said the Elephant.

But the Monkey only laughed at this threat. "You told me yourself that you could not reach this spot," and on he scratched, for I am sorry to say that he was far from being a good monkey.

"That may be so, but I know what I can do," said the Elephant. "I can take you home to my

mamma who can and will reach you, for you shall be punished for your naughtiness," and without more ado, he started.

I wish, children, we could have been there to see that Elephant run—for he fairly flew. He kept to no path, but dashed on, crushing the flowers, breaking the branches of the trees, in his headlong flight. "Scurry, scurry," went the animals out of his path, and all the birds and insects fairly bumped against each other in their eagerness to get away from this mad, rushing creature—they scarcely knew what he was, so fast he flew. And the Monkey clung closely to him, his teeth chattering with fear.

"If I fall, I may be killed, and if I manage to stick on, I know I shall be, when we get to his home. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" he wailed. It was truly not a pleasant outlook for any monkey, now was it?

But deliverance was at hand, for there right before him was a low hanging branch. "Can I but reach that, I am safe," he thought. They are near it, are at it,—one spring gives the monkey,



and, hurrah! reaches it, and grasping it firmly swings himself up to safety. Climbing to the top-most branch, he yells derisively to the fast disappearing Elephant :

“ Stupid little Elephant,
Big-eared Elephant,
Waddling Elephant,
Wrinkles on yer skin,
Silly little Elephant.
Bob-tailed Elephant,
You can't catch a Monkey,
You 'no count' thing”—

which was, on the Monkey's part, most reprehensible, and which I am happy to say was unheard by the Elephant, who, meanwhile, quite unconscious of what had happened, flew on.

“ Wait,” he said, “ we are almost there, and your punishment is coming, bad Monkey.”

Soon the home was reached, and there stood his mother. “ Mamma, Mamma,” he shouted, “ take him off, quickly, and punish him, for he has been very naughty.”

“ What do you mean, child ? ” said she.
“ Punish whom ? ”

“Why, the Monkey who is sitting on my back.”

“There is no monkey on your back.”

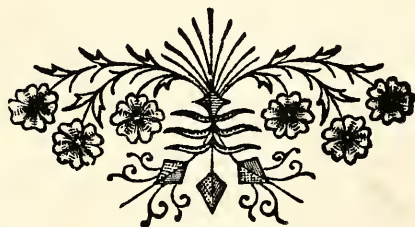
“What, no monkey?” screamed the Elephant.

His mother, meanwhile, came nearer, and looking him closely in the face, said sternly : “ My son, did you have jungle-ade with your luncheon ? ”

“Yes,” he faltered (for he knew his mother had forbidden him to touch it).

“Then,” said she, “I am not surprised that you talk of monkeys. Go to bed at once, and without your supper.”

So it was the poor little Elephant who had the punishment. And to this day, he cannot imagine what could have become of that Monkey.





THE UPSIDEDOWNIANS.

IT was a lovely summer afternoon when Molly and Sam went for a sail with their Uncle Jack.

They had taken a basket with plenty of supper, for they were going for such a long sail that they could not get home before nine o'clock. It would be a bright moonlight night, however, and the boat was a safe one. Off they went, and waving their hands to Mamma, as long as they could see her, they sailed away and away.

“Now, children,” said their uncle, “let us go straight out to the open ocean. We will sail as fast as we can, till five o'clock, and then we will turn about and come home.”

With the children's help, and they were a great help, he spread all sail, and away flew the *Dragon-fly* over the water. At first they saw a great

many boats like their own, and even smaller, then fewer and fewer, until, at last, only one or two stately ships were to be seen. Then they met a big ocean steamer ploughing the water, throwing the white waves to right and left. When the people on board saw the little sail-boat bobbing up and down on the water, they waved their handkerchiefs at Uncle Jack and the two children, who took off their hats in return.

When it was five o'clock, and time to turn about for home, the wind suddenly died out, and the unfilled sail flapped uselessly at the mast. It began to grow dark, too, while just over their heads they saw a big black cloud, which looked most threatening. Fearing that a thunder storm was coming, and realizing their danger, Uncle Jack sprang to take in sail. But he was already too late, for the storm was upon them! The cloud above suddenly burst, a torrent of rain descended, and the wind blew furiously. Bidding the two children lie down in the bottom of the boat, and keep perfectly quiet, Uncle Jack worked frantically with the big sail, and at last succeeded

in taking it in. As soon as the sail was down, the boat, which had been rolling frightfully, righted itself somewhat, and poor Uncle Jack and the two trembling children knew that their present danger was over.

And now the *Dragon-fly* raced madly on, blown by the furious gale, Uncle Jack keeping her as steady as possible, and aiming for—he knew not where. The sky was as black as night, and the howling of the wind in the rigging was dreadful. For fifteen minutes this storm continued, then the sky began to lighten a bit, the wind died gradually out, and the sun shone on them again, for it had been only a summer storm, and though violent, did not last long. And now, to their utter amazement, they saw directly before them an island which was quite unknown, even to Uncle Jack who had sailed in these waters for years. Between them and the island, however, and standing like sentinels on guard, was a reef of angry looking rocks, against which the breakers were dashing with tremendous force. “We must keep away from them,” said Uncle Jack, when to his horror,

he found that a very strong current was carrying the boat directly upon them !

In vain did he try to turn it, while the children sat silently with white faces, clasping each others hands, and expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. "If we can but reach the quiet water beyond," thought Uncle Jack, "we shall be all right," and to his unutterable relief, the waves, instead of dashing them against the cruel rocks, carried them right between two tall ones, into the still water. But when the boat got there, it immediately turned upside down, breaking the mast, and throwing them and everything else out. Fortunately, being near the shore, the water was not more than two feet deep, so the spill did not injure them in any way, except to give them a ducking. Taking the rope which was on the bow of the *Dragon-fly*, they all waded ashore, and Uncle Jack fastened the rope to the stump of a tree.

"Now come, children," said he, "let us look about; there may be people on this island, who will help us. We must dry our clothes, and mend our boat before we can go home."

“Uncle,” said Sam, “what shall we do if there are no people here?”

“Well, in that case, we will make a fire ourselves. I have matches in my pocket, and there seems to be plenty of wood. But first, let us make sure that we are on a desert island.”

So they turned from the water, and walked on, when to their amazement, they saw coming toward them, three most astonishing figures! A very old man, and two children, a boy and a girl about the age of Sam and Molly. There was nothing very remarkable about this, but can you believe me, when I tell you that all three were walking on their *hands*, while their feet stuck straight up in the air! Each had a pair of brushes, like blacking brushes, their hands being thrust through the straps at the back, and on these they walked, to protect their hands from the rough stones. But when they came near, each jumped quickly on his feet, and taking off one brush, shook hands heartily with the strangers, bidding them welcome to the Upsidedown Island.

“You were very fortunate not to get drowned,”

said the old man. "People who are bold enough to try to come to this island, are dashed first against those rocks, and then turned upside down."

"But we did not try to come," said Molly, "the waves brought us."



"Ah," said the old man, "that is probably why you escaped. The rocks guard us, and do not let inquisitive people land. However, as the waves have brought you, in spite of yourselves,

you are heartily welcome. But you are wet, come to my house, dry your clothes and have dinner." So saying, the three thrust their hands into their brush-straps, and walking as before, led the way to the village.

Of course, there could be no conversation, while these strange people were in this ridiculous position, so that Uncle Jack and the two children had ample time to look about them. And many strange things they saw. Fields carefully cultivated, and trees that looked like our trees, but which bore the strangest fruit you can imagine. In a field, at a little distance, they saw what looked like bean-poles, which, however, were waving back and forth. When they got nearer, they found they were not poles at all, but the legs of a herd of cows, the cows themselves lying flat on their backs, with their legs straight up in the air, and turning their heads over occasionally to get a nibble at the rich, green grass.

When Uncle Jack and the children reached the village, they found that everyone there was walking in the same absurd way, as the three who had

met them. They could not help asking why this was done.

“Dry your clothes first,” said the old man, “and have your dinner with us, and then I will tell you all about us Upsidedownians. Dinner will be ready before long. See, there are my two grandsons picking the potatoes and digging the apples,” and Uncle Jack and the two children actually did see them, doing this very thing. One of the boys was picking potatoes from a tree, while the other was digging rosy cheeked apples from the brown earth!! They could scarcely wait to be told the meaning of all this.

After their clothes had been thoroughly dried, they were called to dinner, and were relieved to find that the Upsidedownians sat at the table as they themselves did, keeping their feet down on the ground. The dinner itself was a queer affair, although the food was excellent, and well-cooked. First they were given candied fruit, and a dish of the ripe red apples they saw dug from the ground. Then they had fish and some of the potatoes which they had seen picked from the trees, and

lastly, some soup made from the roots of a plant which grew on the island.

“You are surprised,” said the old man, “that we serve our soup last, but the reason is simple. You see, standing as we Upsidedownians do, so much of the time, with our heads down, our stomachs get, after a while, turned topsy-turvy, so that we are obliged to begin with the dessert, and end with the soup, in order that our dinner may be properly digested.”

And Uncle Jack said, “I see,” for he really was not quite sure, whether he himself was standing on his head or his heels. “But why,” he asked, “do you walk on your hands at all?”

“I will tell you,” said the old man. “This then is the history of our people. Our great-great-great grandparents were people who lived in a country far from here. They were not satisfied there. They thought everything was wrong, and longed to go to some far-away land, where they could make a new world, with everything their own way. They went off in a big ship and sailed and sailed for a year and a day, but every land

they came to, had people on it, all doing just as in the land which they had left. At last, one day our island was reached, and sailing around and around it, they could see no house, no man, woman, nor child, and they said: 'Here we will land, here we will live, where we can have everything our own way.' But when they tried to land, the rocks seized their boats and turned them upside-down, spilling them all out into the water! Fortunately, it happened to be a calm day, when the water was like glass, and, though with much difficulty, they all managed to get safely to land. Here they lived, and here their children, and great-great-great grandchildren have lived ever since. We try hard to do everything quite differently from the way they do in the land our grandparents came from."

"I think you have succeeded admirably," said Uncle Jack, heartily.

"You do? Ah, well we do our best, we do our best," and the old man rubbed his hands together, delightedly.

"Of course, it was hard for us to learn to walk

on our hands, and hard, too, to make potatoes grow on trees, and apples in the earth, but we succeeded at last," he said, triumphantly.

"Yes, you have indeed succeeded," said Uncle Jack, "but will you tell me, why is your way better than the old?"

"Because it *is* our way," said the old man, and to this Uncle Jack could find no possible answer. "Our power and influence are great. Our will here is law, and all who approach our island must obey that law. Look up, stranger. Watch that gull."

"Looking up, Uncle Jack and the children saw a huge gull flying lazily toward the island, his white wings spread and glistening in the bright sunlight. He went in the ordinary way till he was directly over them when he immediately turned and flew upside-down till he found himself once more beyond the island and over the water, when he again turned, and flew like a common, everyday gull.

"Astonishing," said Uncle Jack and the children.

"Same with the fishes, whose home is near the

island," said Smith Mr. (for that, they found was the old gentleman's name), "and speaking of fishes, reminds me of your boat. I suppose you will want to have us help you mend and put it in proper condition again, for your homeward voyage. We will do so to-morrow, and you will, I hope, spend to-night with us? There will be plenty of room for you all on my roof."

"On the roof?" cried Uncle Jack, Sam, and Molly together. "Is it possible that you Upsidedownians sleep on the roofs of your houses?"

"Certainly we do," said Smith Mr. "We would not sleep as they do in the land where our great-great-great grandfathers and also our great-great-great grandmothers came from."

"I think we will not spend the night with you," said Uncle Jack, hastily. "But we will be greatly obliged to you Smith Mr. if you will give us help in mending our boat."

"Gladly," said the old man, and followed by all the village-people clattering over the rocks on their brushes, and with feet held high and straight in air, they walked to the shore.

Pulling in the boat by the rope, they all worked

hard to get it in condition, and were so kind and helpful, that everything was done in less than half an hour. Then, when they were about to start, a boy came from the village, balancing on his feet a basket of the tree-potatoes, and earth-apples, which he gave to them. A glass of milk also was given to each of the children. They were astonished to see all the cream settled at the bottom of the glass.

“When cows feed, lying on their backs,” said Smith Mr., “the cream always falls to the bottom of the milk.”

As they got into their boat, he said: “You may tell your friends about us, that they may wonder, but *never* let them know where this island is. Promise me,” and Uncle Jack, Molly, and Sam promised, and thanking them all for their kindness, the boat was pushed off. They had great difficulty in keeping it upright, although the water was perfectly calm. Twice before reaching the rocks, it was almost upset, and the third time would have been, had not the kind-hearted Upsidedownians jumped into the water, and held it.

This was, of course, difficult for them to do, as they had, while in the water, to stand on their tender feet. But they at last reached the rocks, and then, all pushing together, out between the two high ones—shot the *Dragon-fly*, and the danger was over.

Shouting good-bye and waving their hats to the crowd of Upsidedownians, who stood on the shore, with heads down, clapping their feet frantically together, the *Dragon-fly* sailed home, and reached there at just nine o'clock.





THE IRON DOG.

ARNOLD'S father and mother had taken for the summer a big, gray house, near the big gray sea, and they had just come down. Behind the house there was a beautiful garden, a wild tangled garden, with more flowers than you can imagine, climbing and growing everywhere. In front, the green, smooth-shaven lawn sloped down to the very sea, and standing directly in the middle was a large iron Dog. He was big, he was fierce, his tail stuck straight up in the air, and no dog had ever been known to approach him. Arnold's father, strange to say, did not appreciate his beauties, and asked the owner of the place to remove him, but as the man thought it would be a difficult matter, and as Arnold, who was delighted with the Dog, begged

hard to have him remain, his father at last, consented.

"*I* think that iron Dog is the most beautiful thing here," said Arnold.

"Then enjoy him to your heart's content," said Papa, smiling and kissing his little boy.

And Arnold did enjoy him. He got on his back and rode him, whacking him hard with a stout stick. He brought him make-believe dinners, and decorated him with beautiful daisy chains. In fact, the Dog was in every way a most satisfactory companion, and they never quarrelled.

One night, Arnold's father and mother went to a dinner-party. The house was several miles away, and they were not to return till twelve o'clock. "Bread and milk and one cookie for supper," said Mamma, as she kissed Arnold good-bye. Supper-time came, and with it the large bowl of rich milk and white bread, while on a small plate lay the tempting cookie. After supper, Arnold spent an hour playing with the white cat and her three kittens, and then he went to bed. But after Mary left him, he could

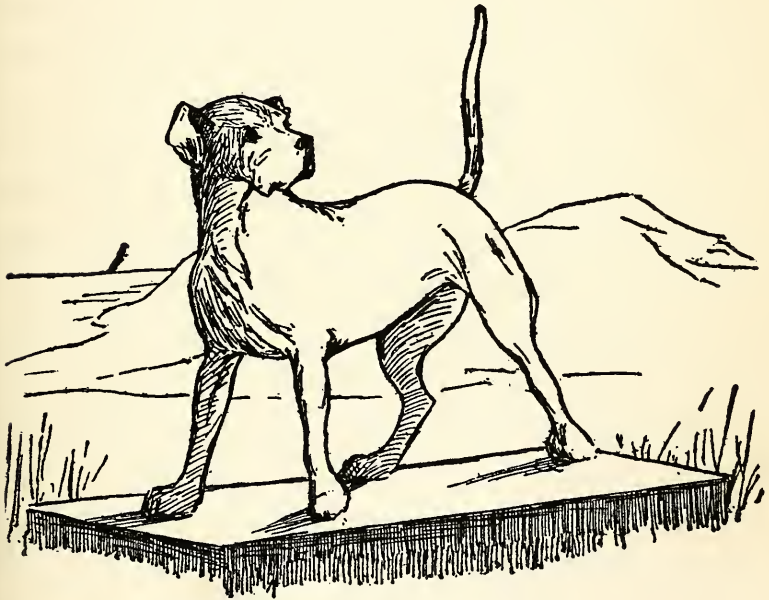
not seem to sleep, but tossed and turned, tossed and turned, fell asleep for a second, and then woke up again.

“Mary, Mary,” he shouted, but Mary had gone out walking with one of her friends, and the lonely little boy called in vain. At last he got up, put on his slippers, and running to the window, which was wide open, looked out. The warm summer air blew softly in, and the moon which was full, was flooding the whole world with a silvery light. Arnold could hear the sea at the foot of the lawn softly “lap-lapping” the shore. Then he saw his friend, the Dog, standing on guard, on the lawn, looking bigger and more threatening than ever, his shadow reaching far off at one side.

“I will go out into the silver world and see my Dog,” said he, “for Mary will not come to me, and I am dreadfully lonesome.”

So putting on his little red dressing gown, down stairs he ran, into the library, through the tall glass door to the piazza and across the lawn. Ah, how delicious it was! To his iron friend he ran, and mounting him, put his two warm arms

about his neck, and stooping, kissed him gently between his ears. Just then, the bell in the church at Marlscombe, a mile away, began to strike ten, sounding very loud indeed in the stillness of the



night. While it was yet striking, Arnold became aware of something which frightened him so much that he almost fell off. For the iron Dog's body beneath him had suddenly begun to grow *warm!*

Then—in a minute—his tail began to move—s-l-o-w-l-y, s-l-o-w-l-y wagging from side to side. Next he gave himself a tremendous shake, and then—then—he jumped from the pedestal—*a living Dog!!* And just then the bell stopped ringing. Arnold screamed in his astonishment and fright, but the Dog looking back at him with friendly eyes, said :

“Don’t be afraid, I won’t hurt you. I suppose you thought I was a common, every-day iron dog?”

“I always thought you a very beautiful dog,” said Arnold. At this the animal looked pleased.

“I am very glad, Arnold,” he said, “that you happened to come out to-night. On every other night, I am as other iron dogs, but on the first night of every month from ten to twelve, I am alive, and *this* is my night.”

“Oh, I am so glad then,” said the little boy, “that I came, for I should otherwise have known nothing about it.”

“I will take you about with me,” said the Dog, “but first I must have some words with you.

Never again whack me so cruelly with that horrid stick."

"Dear Doggie, I will not," faltered Arnold, "I did n't know you could feel, you see."

"Do I then look like one who has no feeling?" said the Dog, angrily.

"No," said Arnold, "you don't and I will never beat you again."

"Then," continued the Dog, "don't mortify me by putting those silly daisy chains about my neck. I am ashamed of them. Make me, instead, a collar of the beautiful dog-wood."

"Oh no, that would poison us," said Arnold.

"What would poison us?"

"Dog-wood."

"I would like to see the dog who would poison me," and he growled fiercely.

"I mean," Arnold hastened to assure him, "the plant would poison us."

"Oh," said the Dog, mollified. "But come, we are wasting time, and I have a skunk to kill to-night. First, I must have a drink of water."

"Are you thirsty?" said Arnold.

“Indeed, I am. Would n’t you be thirsty, if you had had no water for four long weeks?” And Arnold admitted that he would. So the Dog galloped to a watering trough, stopping on the way to bark at the moon, and a metallic bark it was too. Then the drink began. “Gurgle, gurgle” went the water through the hollow body. First the legs were filled, then the body, the head, and then the beautiful upright tail.

“There,” said he, “that ought to last for some time. And now for my skunk, for there is that clock actually striking eleven already.”

“Oh, must you kill the skunk to-night?” said Arnold, who did not at all like the idea.

“Certainly, I must. Do I look like one, who having once seen a skunk, would let him live?” said the Dog, who really seemed a boastful fellow.

“Indeed you don’t,” said Arnold, heartily.

“I was almost upon him last month,” continued his friend, “when he suddenly disappeared in a hole and I had not time to catch him. Come.” So, swiftly galloped the Dog over stones and bushes, Arnold with his two arms

about his neck and wishing heartily that he was in his own little bed. But he was ashamed to ask to get off.

"We are getting near him," panted the Dog, and Arnold was in a minute fully persuaded that this was so.

"Oh, do go back," he begged, but his friend refused. Soon they beheld a small black and white animal flying across the field.

"Hurrah, we're in luck, Arnold. There he is."

But the iron Dog had forgotten that the journey to the field was long, and that time had flown. Before he could even begin the chase, to the boy's great relief the big bell began to toll the hour of *twelve*.

"Arnold, Arnold," cried the poor animal, skunk and everything forgotten, "'t is the hour. I must reach my pedestal before twelve has fully struck, or I shall turn into iron, wherever I may be."

"*One*," said the bell.

"Hurry then," screamed Arnold, and the Dog

began his flight. He galloped, he flew, over stones, walls, and bushes.

“ *Two!* ”

On, on, over the shallow brook that was hurrying to the sea, he flew with one bound.

“ *Three!* ”

It was for his life he ran.

“ You ’ll do it, but faster, *faster*,” screamed Arnold, who was as much excited as he.

“ *Four! Five!* ”

“ On, on, dear Dog.”

“ *Six! Seven!* ”

Alas, there is still one field more to cross.

“ *Eight!* ”

“ Oh,” he panted, “ I should so hate to be found ‘ off my base. ’ ”

“ *Nine!* ”

“ Shall I get off? ” said Arnold.

“ No, your weight is nothing. Don’t leave me.”

“ *Ten!* ”

“ See,” shrieked Arnold, “ there is your pedestal—you ’ll reach it! ”

But the Dog's iron joints were already stiffening, and creaked as he ran. He began to grow cold, too, poor fellow, and his eyes, losing their bright alert look, grew hard and dead.

"*Eleven!*" and the pedestal was reached.

"Here we are," and Arnold jumping down, pushed the Dog toward it! One bound now, and he was on!!

"*Twelve!*" said the clock.

"Dear, dear Doggie, I am so glad, so very, very glad," said Arnold, hugging him and dancing about him in great delight.

But the poor creature could make no answer, for he was again a stiff, cold, iron Dog. Arnold tried, but in vain, to push back one poor leg that had not quite had time to get on, but stuck straight out behind. Then, tired out with exertion and excitement, and with one arm about the cold neck of his friend, the little boy fell fast asleep. But I am glad to say that his nap lasted only for a moment, for fortunately his father and mother were just coming home as the clock struck twelve, and looking across the lawn recognized,

in the bright moonlight, the small figure in the red gown.

“’T is Arnold,” they cried, and stopping the coachman, ran across the lawn.

“Little boy, what does this mean?” they asked, and Arnold waking up, told them the whole wonderful story.





MY FLANNEL ROOSTER.

I AM a little girl and my name is Margaret. I have a papa and a mamma, and I have also a great many toys, but the toy I love best is my own dear Rooster. He is really a beautiful Rooster. He is made of red flannel, and is very fat and has black worsted eyes, and two very strong, stiff legs on which he can stand alone. It really seems as if he could do everything except crow, and as he can't do that, I do it for him. The other day I caught a bad cold, and had to stay in the house. I was playing with my Rooster and forgot my cold, and tried to crow, but I made such a funny, hoarse sound that it made me laugh. The Rooster stood on the table before me, and I began again, when what do you think he did? He turned his head slowly, and looking sternly at me, said :

“Do you call that a crow, young person? Because I call it ridiculous, and must beg you to be silent, if that is the best you can do.”

I was so surprised that for a minute I just looked at him and could n't say one word, then I began :

“But, Rooster, I did n't know before that roosters could talk.”

“Well,” said he, they can't usually; in fact, I suppose I am the first one who ever did talk, but I positively could not keep still while you were making such an absurd noise. It is enough to make any rooster talk to hear you.” Here he yawned. “I beg your pardon, Margaret, but I am very tired. I had to get up so early this morning—you know we roosters are obliged to be up by day-break. I often try to make you get up too,” and here he looked so sternly at me that I really felt frightened, “but” continued he, “it is of no use and I always have to comb my own feathers and get myself ready.”

“But, Rooster,” said I, “how can you comb your feathers?”

“You are a silly girl,” said he. “Of course I comb them with my comb. But after all, one must not expect too much,” he added. “It is n’t your fault, Margaret, that you are only a girl—we can’t *all* be roosters. But now listen and I will teach you how to crow.”

Then he began, and except that it sounded somewhat soft and flannelly, he really did crow very well. When he had finished, he looked at me, and actually winked one of his worsted eyes!

“Now listen again,” said he, “and prepare this time to hear something really fine.

“Cock—a—doooo—” he began at the top of his voice, when suddenly something hap-

pened. I think the people who made him must have put too much stuffing in his little throat, but



anyway "crrrrrrrack" went a thread and out came the stuffing all along his neck, beginning at his poor mouth! I suppose those people thought he was a common toy rooster, and did not suspect what a wonderful little fellow he really was. Not expecting him to crow, they left no room for it, you see, and then when the crow came, why out the stuffing had to pop!

Well, I mended him, and oh, so carefully, but not one word has the dear little fellow ever spoken to me since!





THE STATUE AND THE BIRDS.

THERE was once a little Bird. Such a dear little creature. I wish you could have known her, but as you did n't I suppose I shall have to tell you about her and what happened to her. She had been spending the winter in the South and now that the warm summer was coming, had come back to her Northern home. She had a mate, and the two were now looking for a nice, sheltered spot. What for? Guess. Yes, you are right, it was for their nest.

"Let us build here in this fine, large Oak-tree," said he.

But his little wife said, "No, I want a *new* place. Birds always build their nests in trees. Let us choose a place where no bird has ever built before."

Near them was a large white Statue of a man,

seated in a big arm-chair. One hand was slightly raised and held a manuscript.

“Here, here,” chirped the Bird, “here we will build,” and to the Statue she flew, alighting on its shoulder. Then hop, hop, down she went and darted in under the manuscript. And indeed 't was a cozy spot for a house, for the manuscript made a most beautiful roof. The big Oak-tree spoke to the Bird, begging her to come to him and build her nest.

“I will shelter you; I will rock you gently up and down, back and forth, for I love birds. Come, come to me.” And the husband-bird agreed with him and would gladly have gone to him, but seeing that his wife had made up her mind against it, he said nothing at all, being an exceedingly wise little bird.

Then they began to build their nest, and oh, how they worked, and oh, *oh*, how they chattered. But in the end they made a beautiful nest, lining and interlining it, till really I should have liked to live there myself. And one night, the little wife said to her husband: “The nest is done.”



“It is,” said he.

“And it is *well* done,” said she.

“It is,” said he.

“It is *very* well done,” said she.

“It is,” said he, and then they went to bed.

Now on the next day, and for them, poor little things, 't was to be a sad day indeed, two men came and stood before the Statue. You can imagine their feelings when one said :

“Yes, Patrick, get your ladder, and give the Statue a good washing, for it really does look very dirty,” and the other man answered :

“Yis, sorr,” and then they both went away.

“Oh,” screamed the birds, “how dreadful, for if he washes the Statue, we shall be discovered, and our home torn down and thrown away.”

Then the little wife-bird hopped on to one knee of the big Statue and begged piteously for help, while the little husband-bird rushed to the other knee and did the same.

“Don't let them tear down our beautiful home,” said one.

“Protect us, for we came to you and trusted you,” said the other.

“Our dear home, that we worked so hard to build,” said he.

“And that we had just finished,” added she, her voice breaking.

Then they both listened for the Statue’s answer. But he made no answer, and his cold eyes looked at them and did not soften. Then they sobbed aloud.

“I think your heart must be of stone, like the rest of you,” said the husband at last. But the wife said :

“Perhaps, he is not really as cold as he seems. He has a kind face, and may help us, after all,” and running to him, she whispered in his ear : “Dear Statue, when the man comes, strike him down. He is going to wash and scrub you, and I am sure you will not like that at all, will you?

No one does. So for your own sake, as well as ours, strike, and strike hard.” But the Statue gave no sign that he had heard.

The little Bird did not quite lose hope, however. "When the time comes, I am sure he will not fail us," she said.

Soon the man came, and placing his ladder against the Statue, began his work.

"Strike, strike, now is your time," screamed the Bird. But, alas, the Statue remained as before, and no blow was struck to defend the little home. His head was thoroughly cleaned, and I really think he must have been, at heart, a pretty poor sort of Statue, for he did not even resent this, but sat there calmly, while the man soaped and scrubbed his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. And the nest was at last discovered.

"Well, well," said the man, "a quare shpot indade for to build a nist," and he threw it away.

The poor birds were broken-hearted. But their friend, the big Oak-tree, comforted them, saying:

"To-night you, with the help of your friends, can bring your nest up here and spend the summer with me, after all."

So when the darkness came, the birds called

upon all their friends, who gladly helped them, having pitied them, and they really succeeded in lifting the nest and fastening it securely on a branch of the Tree. But alas, the very next day a man came and looking up at the Tree, said :

“ That dead branch is dangerous ; it may fall at any time and I will send Patrick to cut it off this morning,” and if you can believe me, the branch he pointed at, was the very one on which the birds had for the second time built their nest.

“ Oh, Tree,” they cried, “ again our home is to be taken from us. Save us.”

And he answered : “ Never fear, little Birds, I will save your home, for did I not promise to protect you from all harm ?” Then the Tree called loudly to his friend the Wind, who had been playing quietly near, and said :

“ Blow, Wind.” And the Wind blew softly, sweetly through the trees, and all the leaves rustled and the branches rocked gently. Then Patrick, the destroyer, appeared, carrying a ladder, which he placed against the branch. Again the Tree spoke :

“Wind, Wind, do you not hear me? Blow hard, blow quick, as you love me, *blow!*” The last was fairly a shriek, which was, however, almost drowned in the sudden rush of the on-coming Wind, which had sprung up to answer the Tree’s loud call. *Whooooooooo!!* he roared, and the Tree rocked back and forth! Patrick, who was not a very brave man, was frightened at the sudden fierce wind.

“Well, well,” said he, “av Oi don’t be lookin’ out, Oi’ll be blowed away intoirely,”—and off he ran, leaving the ladder still resting against the branch. This was just what the Tree wished.

“Blow harder, Wind,” he shouted; so louder yet roared the Wind, and back and forth swayed the Tree, and up and down, up and down went the branch on which the ladder rested, till, at last, no decent ladder could stand it any longer, so back he fell with a great *crash*. And on what do you suppose he fell? On the Statue. And the Tree aimed well, for not only did he hit the Statue, but broke off his nose (and every one knows that a statue with a broken nose can never be the same

again). Not only the nose was broken, but the arm as well, and the very arm too that had refused to strike a blow in defence of a poor little bird's home.

"Now, Birds," said the Tree, much pleased at what had been done, "call your friends and move your nest up here," and he pointed to a safe place higher; so once more the home was moved. Later Patrick removed the dead branch and stared in astonishment at the Statue.

"Av Oi'd a shtayed, Oi'd a looked loike thot," said he.

The Statue was mended but was never the same man again. And the Birds stayed with their kind friend, the Tree, all through the summer, and sang loudly to him, for joy, content, and gratitude were in their hearts, and later when some little bird-children came, they told them of the Tree's kindness, and the wee birdies, too, sang to him all through the long warm summer, and the Tree was happy. And this was the song they sang:

You never should build on a statue of stone
For his heart is as cold as he !

The Statue and the Birds.

The loveliest place is, I am sure you will own,
Near the heart of a big oak-tree !

Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep !
The loveliest place that can be
Is—cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep !
Near the heart of a big oak-tree.





THE TOAD-BOY.

THERE was once a Toad who lived near a big flat stone in the forest. As he sat by his hole one day, a Boy passed. The Toad looked at him, and said :

“Oh, how I wish I were a boy.”

“Then why don't you be one?” said a Snake who was near.

“I don't know how.”

“If you really want to become a boy, I will tell you how to do it,” and the Snake winked his wicked eyes at the Toad. “All you have to do is to hop ten times round that flat stone, and then without waiting a moment, hop quickly on the stone itself. Then you will become a boy.”

“Thank you, kind Snake,” said the Toad, and he at once began. “Hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty,

hop," round and round the stone. When he had been round ten times and was just ready for the final jump, the wicked Snake, who had been watching, suddenly seized him by the leg, and held him fast. The poor Toad cried with pain and disappointment; but the next day he came again, having made up his mind to try once more. So he began, "hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty, hop," till he had been round ten times. It took longer this time, as his poor little leg was lame. Just as he was about to make the final jump on the stone, out sprang the Snake again and seized him by the other leg.

"You are very unkind," said the poor Toad, but the Snake only laughed and wriggled away. The Toad sat there, crying bitterly.

"What is the matter?" said a friend who lived near, and he listened sympathetically to the story.

"Make one more trial," he advised, "and I will help you."

So on the following morning the Toad coming to the flat stone, began, for the third time, his

journey. But he was obliged to go very, very slowly, "hop-i-ty, hop-i-ty, hop," for his poor little legs pained him dreadfully.

At last, he was ready for his final jump, when as before, out popped the Snake. But this time out popped somebody else at the same time—



't was the friendly Toad. And what do you think he did? He gave one tremendous jump, and came down directly on the Snake's head, and as he was very fat and heavy, the Snake was unable to move. Our Toad, meanwhile, had succeeded in reaching the stone, and at once began to feel very strangely. First, his toad-skin began to "c-r-r-r-rack, c-r-r-r-rack," and finally fell from him altogether; then he grew taller and taller, and

then before you could count five, a *boy* stood where a toad had been before! He stepped from the stone and tried to walk, which at first was a

very difficult matter, as his legs were weak, but as he went on they became stronger.

He walked on and on through the woods, picking, with his new little hands, the beautiful flowers, which he had never even noticed before, when he was a Toad, but which he now thought very lovely. Soon he began to feel hungry, for he did not seem to care to eat the fat flies, which were flying lazily about, and which when he was a Toad, used to seem so delicious to him. And not only did he long for something to eat, but he was tired as well, ah, *so* tired; the night, too, was coming on and he wanted a soft bed. And more than all, his poor little heart began to ache—ache for a kind, loving mamma. He had now reached a high-road, and made up his mind that he would walk down it, in search of the things he needed. He soon came to a house, and walking timidly to the door, asked the lady there if she would like to have a little boy. She said :

“No, I have already one little boy.” Then as the light fell full on his face, the lady screamed and said: “Oh, what is the matter with you?”

Go away." And he walked to the next house. There, too, he asked the lady if *she* did not want a little boy.

"No," said she, "I have already two little boys of my own." Then as he turned to leave, she too saw his face, screamed, and shut the door quickly.

To the third house he went, and there the lady had *three* boys. But she gave him some bread and butter and spoke kindly to him. At this house the lamps were not yet lighted, so that she could not see his face. He walked away eating his bread and butter, but with a very heavy heart. Sitting down by the road-side, he cried bitterly.

"No one wants me," he sobbed, "I have no dear, kind mamma to love and pet me, and I am afraid I shall have to become a toad again." Just then he heard the sound of an approaching carriage, and looking up, saw its lamps, shining like two great eyes in the darkness. In the carriage sat a lady, who, hearing the child's cries, stopped and said :

"What is the matter, little boy? Why don't you go home to your mamma?"

“I have no home and I have no mamma,” he said, sadly, “Oh, dear Lady, don’t *you* want a little boy, and won’t you be my mamma?”

“Yes,” said the lady, “I will take you gladly, for I have no boy of my own. Come here, dear.”

The poor little fellow walked to the side of the carriage, his beautiful golden curls shining in the light of the lamps. But alas, the light showed something else, for when he was near enough for the lady to see him distinctly, she too, like the others, shrank away.

“Poor, poor child,” she said.

“What is the matter with me ; Lady, why do you look so sadly at me?” said the Boy, his lip quivering.

“Look,” said she, giving him a small mirror which hung at the side of the carriage. In this he looked, and saw—a boy’s head with beautiful golden curls, but the *face*, was the horrid green face of a toad! He screamed in his fright, and then he told his story to the lady, who was very much interested.

“I advise you,” said she, “to go back and find

that Snake and make him tell you how to get rid of the toad-face and how to get a boy-face. If you are successful, come to my house," and she pointed to a big house near, "and be my own dear boy."

He thanked her very much and back he went to the woods. The night was hot and he slept comfortably under a big tree on a soft pile of leaves. In the early morning, he began his search for the Snake, but, although he spent hours in looking for him, he could not find him, and when night came he was much discouraged.

"The Snake is gone, no one wants me, and it will be much better for me to become a Toad again," said he. So the poor little fellow found the flat stone and counting carefully, walked round it backward, the tears streaming from his eyes. After he had gone round ten times, and was about to take the final jump on the stone, out popped that same horrid Snake, and tried to catch him by the heel, when the Boy, who although he had the face of a toad, had the brains and hands of a boy, quickly seized the creature, and

holding him so that he could not possibly bite, began to squeeze him.

“Now, you bad fellow,” said he, “I shall squeeze you till you tell me what I want to know.”

The Snake, who was much frightened, said: “I will.”

“Then,” said the Boy, “when I was a Toad, you told me how to become a Boy—but what *kind*, you bad, bad Snake? A boy with the horrid, green spotted face of a toad. Now, you must tell me how to change this.”

“Go then,” gasped the Snake, “to the milkweed—break a piece—rub the white juice over your face—and you will at once—have the face of a real boy.”

So running quickly to the weed, first putting down the Snake, and telling him to “crawl off,” which he did, hissing angrily as he went, the Boy broke off a piece of the milkweed, and rubbed it well into his green face. Running now to a pond near, he looked down and saw reflected in it, the face of a dear little boy, and oh, how happy the

sight made him. Then fast as his legs could carry him, he ran to the lady's house. She was delighted to see him and kissed him on his new little face, saying :

“You are now to be my own son, dear, and I shall expect you to be a very good Boy.”

“I will try hard, Mamma,” said he, “and I don't think I shall fail, for I know I was a very good Toad.”





THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF POOR POMPOSITITY.

Gurrrr! Gurrrrrr! Gurrrrrrrr! What am I growling at? Do you see the small white dog in that picture opposite—'t is at him I growl, and I will tell you why. My Master is an artist. One day he decided to paint me. Of course you have noticed what a fine dog I am? Have I not the brightest eyes, the silkiest hair, the waggiest tail you ever saw? And can't you almost *see* the blue blood through my delicate skin? My Master and Mistress admire me very much, and he wished naturally to paint a picture of me. Somewhere in the background he also put my mistress, an excellent foil to me. A few weeks ago Master put the finishing touches to the picture, completing the very tip of one of my beautiful ears. "There," said he to Mistress, in

whose lap I was sitting, "that is Pomp himself with his own air of conscious superiority and dignity." (My real name, by the way, is not Pomp, but Pomposity, and to tell you the honest truth, I am not quite sure what it means. I wish I did know, although of course, it is something very nice.) Well, Mistress agreed with Master in thinking that the picture could not be better, and I was allowed to jump down.

Now in the studio, there is the very softest, nicest chair you can imagine, but for some strange reason my Master does not let me lie in it. He told me himself that it was covered with old tapestry, and when I knew it was after all, nothing nice and *new*, I sat upon it whenever he was—well, whenever I felt like doing it. This night after supper, I found, to my delight, the studio door a little open, and creeping in, I went to my dear chair, and was soon happily dozing. I heard them calling and calling for me, but as I never came at their call at any time, that did not trouble me and I dozed on. At last they went to bed and the house was still. The moon rose

and looked in the window. Curious old thing she is. She stared at me till I growled, and at last I actually had to turn my back toward her. Then she looked at everything in the room, going into all the dark corners and examining everything carefully. At last she shone full on the picture, and there she stayed and I could not blame her for doing so, for it really looked very lovely.

While we were both gazing at it, you can imagine my feelings, when the dog in the picture, the picture I, began to *move*! He turned about and faced me. I was of course beside myself, and running to the picture said:

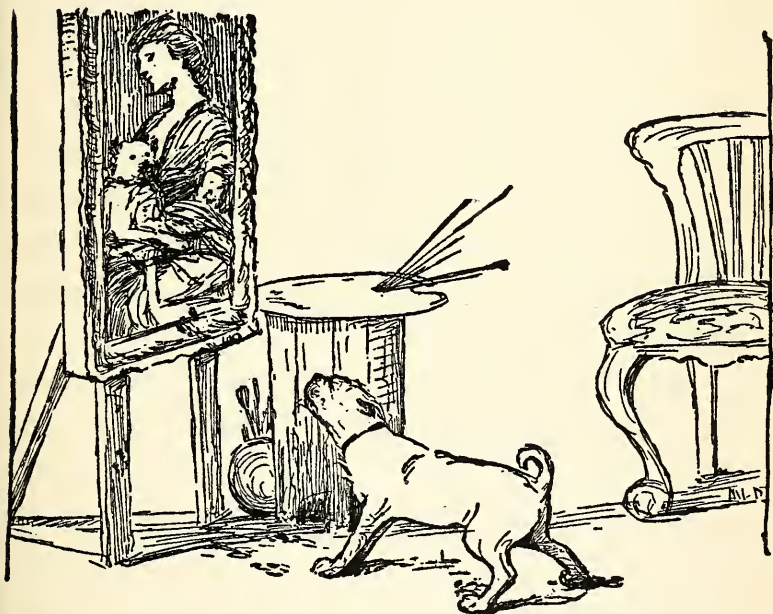
“What are you going to do?”

“Coming out to see you,” was the saucy answer.

“Never,” said I angrily. “Master has often said that there was no dog like me, and do you think I am going to have a rival who looks exactly like me, trotting about? Go back. Don’t you know that you are only a painted dog? You are not real.”

But the miserable little wretch only looked at

me defiantly. Still glaring at him and growling, I backed slowly to my chair, but had not reached it when the picture-dog, all wet with paint as he was, jumped from his mistress's lap, and out into



the room! And then the chase began. Round he ran and round I ran after him. Over chairs and tables we flew! "*Crash,*" and a beautiful vase lay broken on the floor. "*Tssst,*" and a

piece of Persian embroidery was torn as we passed through it. "Crash," and another vase was broken, and then—then, I caught him and gave him a terrific bite on his hind-leg. But that one bite was enough for me. Ugh! Think of a dog guilty of such *bad taste* as that, pretending to be a dog of breeding.

He had now jumped upon me and gave me a slight bite on the nose, but just at that moment my picture-mistress called him. He ran at once, and putting his two wet paws on the beautiful gold frame pulled himself up and into the picture and jumped on his mistress's lap. I was of course very indignant with her for interfering, and running to the picture, said :

"Madame, did you ever hear of 'Woman's Sphere'? That frame is *yours*. Remain in it." At these words, she was of course very much ashamed of herself, and could not say one word in answer.

And now comes the sad, sad part of my story. When Master came in the next morning, I went up to him like an honest dog, and explained mat-

ters. But he only gazed about the room, which, indeed, did look dreadful in the bright light of day.

“Pomp, Pomp,” he said, in a low blood-curdling tone, and pointing first at the broken vases and then at the wet paint which that miserable little cur had scattered everywhere, “naughty dog,” he continued, and then—then—he slapped me!

I ran wildly to the picture, barking. I thought, of course, that as soon as he saw those telltale marks on the frame, Master would know who the real culprit was. But alas, what do you think he said?

“Yes, I see, Pomp, you were barking at your picture, thinking it was another dog, and for that opinion I am much obliged, I am sure. But why, why did you walk over my palette before you stepped on the frame? No, Pomp, you need not shake your head. I know you did it, for see, here are the marks of your two guilty little paws!”

I was powerless, after this, to make him understand the true facts of the case, although I never would have believed that a man as intelligent as

Master, could be so stupid. Well, I was punished. No walk did I get that day, and for many, many days I was forbidden to enter my dear studio. Master has now varnished the picture, I am glad to say, so there is no chance of the dog's ever getting out again. But do you wonder that I growl at him, horrid beast? *Grrr! Grrrr!
Grrrrrrr!!!*





RED-BOOTS.

ONE morning not long ago, a pair of little red boots were placed in the window of a large shoe-shop in Boston. They were very pretty and they knew it, being, if the truth must be told, somewhat vain, although at bottom, they were good little soles. They were placed in the middle of the window on a glass shelf, and the shoe-man very thoughtfully put them between two mirrors, so they could constantly see themselves. After looking all about them, they said (for being laced boots, they had tongues) :

“We are surely far more beautiful than any shoes here.”

“That may be, but it is better to be of some use in the world than to be merely beautiful,” said

a pair of stout commonsense walking boots from the lower shelf. "But," he added heartily, "we are very glad to welcome you here in our midst; little Red-Boots," and all the other shoes squeaked their approval. "Yes," continued he, "and not only do we bid you welcome, but I propose that to-night we give a ball in your honor, for 't is seldom that such a beautiful pair of boots comes to this window."

At this the boots grew redder than ever with delight, and all in the window expressed pleasure, particularly the dancing shoes, of which there were many.

"And where will you get your music?" said the red boots. All laughed at this.

"Look," said one, pointing to a broad band of brass, which went directly across the window, bearing the name of the owner of the shop, "what is that?"

"A brass band," said Red-Boots.

"And what better music could one want than that?" said the other.

After it grew dark, and the shop was closed,

and all was quiet in the streets, the shoe ball began. The brass band played, the shoe-horns blew, and all the shoes squeaked. They were very graceful, making but few mistakes, for the commonsense pair led them. And so they merrily danced till morning. And in the morning, a lady and her little son entered the shop.

"I want some red laced boots for my boy," said she. And the man tried on those in the window, which proved a perfect fit.

"Now if they match these stockings, I will take them," said the lady, opening a parcel she carried and displaying a pair of lovely red silk stockings. The boots were a little lighter than the stockings, but the lady, being much pleased with them, took them in spite of this, they first saying good-bye to all their friends in the window.

Two days after, the red boots and stockings were worn for the first time, and their four-year-old master Robert was very proud of them. The stockings were not very polite to the boots, saying:

"You are not nearly as pretty a color as we, for you are too light."

Now the boots had been taught never to answer rudely so they said simply :

“ Yes, Stockings, you are a prettier color than we.” This answer was so kind and polite, that the stockings were ashamed, and ever after, were very friendly. In a few days the stockings were washed, and when they were sent upstairs again, they were so changed, that the boots scarcely knew them. They were now much lighter, and they were streaked too, a light and dark red.

“ Oh, dear,” they sighed, “ we were carelessly washed, and the color ran.”

“ Where ? ” said the boots.

“ Away.”

“ And why did n't you run after it ? ”

“ We could n't.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Boots, you ask too many questions.”

“ Perhaps I do, but you must remember that I have *two* tongues.”

“ That is true, I had forgotten,” said the stockings.

Several weeks passed, and the boots and stock-

ings grew old together. Their master Robert was a good little fellow, and the shoes were fond of him, and went everywhere with him, and hear now what they did for him.

Robert was playing in the yard before his house one day, when a hand-organ man appeared. He looked first at the child, and then at all the windows in the house, but no one was in sight.

“Has oo dot a monkey wif oo?” said Robert.

“No,” said the man, “but I have three at home, and if you will come with me, I will show them to you.” And Robert, quite forgetting that his mamma had told him never, never to go away with any stranger, followed the man.

“*Stop, stop,*” said the boots, but the little boy, not understanding the shoe-language only heard “squeak, squeak-i-ty squeak.”

On and on they went, till poor Robert began to cry, but the man seizing him by the hand, hurried him on till they came to his home—such a wretched home. He gave Robert a crust of bread, and taking off his coat and hat and boots told him to lie down, and go to sleep, and the poor child,

tired and homesick, did so, crying for his papa and mamma. Meanwhile, his father and mother, finding that he was lost, went at once to the police-station.

“We have lost our little boy,” said they. “He had long yellow curls ; and he wore a black hat and coat, and red boots and stockings.”

“I am glad he did,” said the policeman, “for as most boys wear black ones, somebody will be sure to have noticed his red ones, and we can more easily trace him.”

And so it proved. For many people had seen a hand-organ man, and with him a crying boy, and they had all noticed the *red boots*. At last they traced him to the very house, and knocked at the door. But the hand-organ man suspected who it was, and taking up the sleeping child, put him in another room and locked the door. Then opening his house-door, he asked the policeman and the lady and gentleman what they wanted.

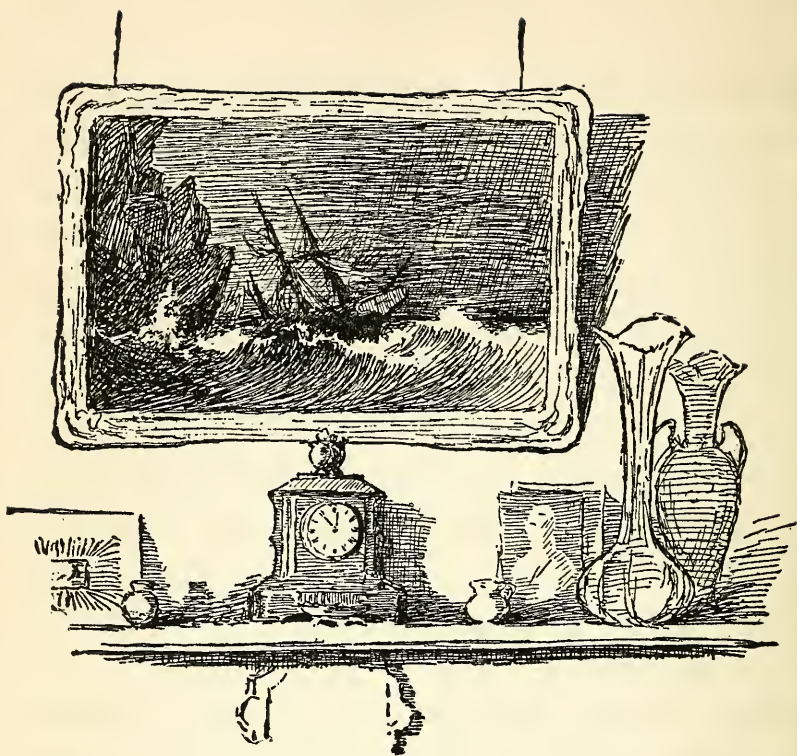
“The child you stole,” said the policeman, sternly, and the wicked man said he knew nothing about “any stolen child.” Just then Robert’s

mamma, who had been looking all about the room hoping to find her darling, suddenly gave a cry of delight. In the corner she had seen—what! *Two little red boots.* And of course she knew then that her boy was not far away. The policeman now made the bad man unlock the other door, and Robert was soon in his mother's arms.

“Good little Red-Boots, dear little Red-Boots,” said she, “but for you, I might never have found my darling boy. I shall not throw you away, but will keep you forever.”

And although many years have passed since then, and Robert is now a very big boy, there is upstairs a small box and in it are two tiny worn red boots. Ask Robert to show them to you when you see him.





SAVED.

DONALD was sitting in the big chintz-covered chair in the drawing-room, staring at his favorite picture—and indeed it was well worth looking at. It was a sea-scene, a picture of a dreadful storm. In fact, it was wonderful that

the slender gilt frame could hold so great a storm as was evidently going on there. The waves were fearfully and wonderfully high, while the sky above them was black and angry. At the left of the picture stood a group of tall jagged rocks, while very near, and aiming directly for them, was a poor battered, storm-tossed ship. Its mast was broken, and the torn sail dragged over the side. The rudder, too, must have been useless, for the boat seemed to pay no attention to it, but obeyed only the fierce wind, which was blowing it directly toward the rocks and destruction !

While Donald was looking at the boat, he suddenly sprang to his feet in amazement. It seemed incredible—he could scarcely believe his ears, but from that boat had come the unmistakable sound, faint but yet distinct, of someone shouting. (Donald told me this himself, so I am sure there could have been no mistake.) Going nearer the picture he could see that the waves were moving, actually moving, while from the boat, and quite distinctly now, came the cry, “Boy ahoy.” Putting both hands to his mouth, as his father had taught him

to do when at sea, he answered: "Ship ahoy! What is the matter?"

"Help us!" was the answer. "Our captain is dead. Our boat is drifting on these rocks, and we don't know what to do."

"Have you an anchor?" shouted Donald.

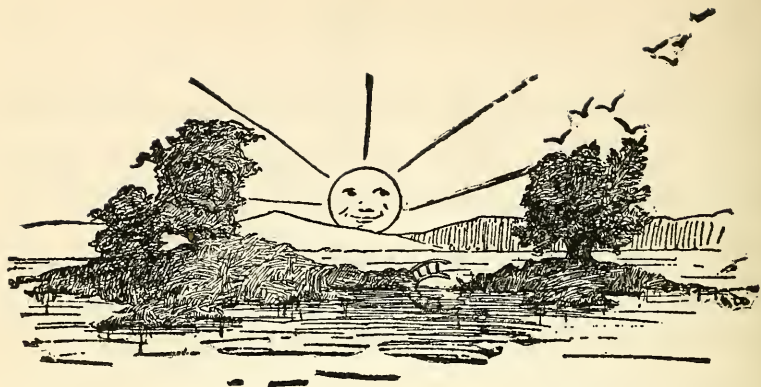
"Yes, two."

"Then, throw them both out," roared the boy. This was evidently done. The rattling of the anchor-chains could be distinctly heard in the quiet room, even above the roaring of the storm. Then Donald waited in breathless suspense, for although he knew, of course, that anchors in real seas did hold real ships, he could not know how they might act in a picture-sea, and holding a picture-boat. But anchors are anchors, after all, wherever they be found. These held, and to Donald's great delight and relief the boat was *saved!*

When Mamma heard the story later, she smiled, and in fact, so did I, when he told me about it in the afternoon. (I am Donald's aunt, and we are great chums.) I thought, at first, as his mother did, that he must have been dreaming,

but when he took me into the drawing-room, and showed me the boat, and I found that in spite of the dreadful wind which ought to have dashed it on the rocks long before, it had not moved one inch since morning, why then I thought to myself, something must have held that boat, and if it was n't an anchor, then what *was* it? What do you think?





THE DISOBEDIENT ISLAND.

THERE was once upon a time a long, gray Island, lying not far from the mainland. On him there were trees and rocks, but no houses. He had a son—the dearest wee Island you ever saw. This little fellow was nestled up very close by his father's side, in the water, but, although he did not wear rubber shoes, he did not mind being wet at all, nor did he ever catch cold. On this small Island grew a beautiful oak-tree, which spread its branches protectingly, completely shading him from the hot sun. There were also many lovely flowers there, and altogether it was a very pretty place. Just opposite the Island, on

the mainland, was a large red house, and in it lived a papa, a mamma, and three children, Sam, Bob, and their young sister Geraldine. They owned a boat which was very broad and safe, and they had all been taught to row and swim. A pleasant day seldom came, that the children did not go over to "their island" as they called it.

One day Sam said to his father: "I wish there were a bridge leading from the big Island to the little one, and then we could eat our luncheon under the shade of that big tree."

"Sam, that is a very good idea," said his father, "I must build one for you," and the children all shouted in their delight.

"How lovely it will be."

"Yes," said the big Island, "I, too, shall like that very much, for I shall be glad to be connected with my little son."

But although he spoke in a loud voice, no one paid the slightest attention to him. The next time Mr. Arnold came to the Island he brought with him on the boat, boards and nails, and before long, with the boy's help, a bridge was built. There

was a railing on one side, and it was strong, safe, and very pretty.

“To-morrow, we will paint it,” said Mr. Arnold, so the next day they brought some bright red paint, and when the bridge was painted with this, it was really lovely. The children danced with delight, and their big, black dog, “Disobedience,” was so much pleased, that he walked directly on the wet red bridge, barking loudly all the time; then lay down, and rolled over and over! They called him again and again to “Come back, come back,” but he would not come, and really, with such a name, I don’t think he was very much to blame. “Give a dog a bad name, and,” as everyone knows, “it will stick to him.” But it did not stick to him, nearly as hard as the paint did. You never saw such an extraordinary sight as that red-black dog. He was very red, and he knew it, and tried to hide under a bush, but there was no hope for him, so running to the boat he curled himself down in the bottom and soon fell fast asleep. When they returned later, to the mainland, poor Disobedience was washed again

and again, but in vain, for from each bath he emerged a bright red dog. The man was at last obliged to shave him, and to this he submitted far less willingly than most young men of his age.

And now, the children took their luncheon on the small Island almost every day. They called it "their dining-room," and a very good one it made. They brought from the big Island a flat stone for a table, and used the boat-cushions to sit on.

One day, Bob brought with him a very interesting book, called *A Boy's Adventures on Sea and Land*, which he read aloud to the others. He thought he had only two listeners, Sam and Geraldine, but there was a third, who was the most interested of all—it was the little Island. Not a word did he lose, and after the children went home, he still kept thinking and thinking about the wonderful adventures of that boy in the book. Later in the evening he said to his father :

"Papa, may I not take a walk? I should so much like to see what is on your other side."

“There is nothing there,” said his father, “but water, water, water. You must remain where you are, it is not safe for you to move, my son.”

Nothing more was said, and the Papa-Island was soon asleep. But the little Island was not asleep but *very* wide awake. When he found that his father slept, he began very cautiously to move. First he stretched himself, then raised himself slowly, s-l-o-w-l-y, when suddenly, “c-r-r-r-r-r-r-rack” went the bridge, broken right in the middle! This bridge the Island had quite forgotten, and he was so frightened, that he sat down again, *splash*, into the water. Then he listened to see if he had waked up his father, but no, the old fellow was sleeping soundly. Islands, when once they get asleep, are very sound sleepers. After a few moments the naughty little son got up again very, very quietly, and this time made no noise but stepped farther and farther away from his home. At first he was much pleased, as the Moon was shining brightly, and the water was not deep. But the Moon, as it happened, was a great

friend of the Papa-Island, on whom she had shone for many years.

“Go back,” she said to the naughty Island.

“Oh, no,” said he, “I am going to see the world.”

The Moon, much grieved, hid her face in her handkerchief. And what do you think her handkerchief was? A soft white cloud. Of course, when she was crying she could not shine, and so the small Island found himself in darkness. But on he went, pretending that he liked it.

Suddenly—ah, it is so sad, I scarcely like to tell you about it—he stepped into a *very* deep hole, and went down, down, down out of sight, till only the top of the beautiful tree could be seen above the water! He called loudly, piteously to the Moon, who was now again looking at him. But she was powerless to help. “Oh, Papa, Papa,” he screamed, and this time the big Island, hearing the splash and the cry, did wake up, and finding his son gone, knew in a moment what had happened. And over at the big house, on the mainland, someone else must have heard the cry,

perhaps in her dreams, for little Geraldine suddenly started up, and rushing to the window, looked out into the moonlit night. She saw first the big Island, then looking at the place where the small Island ought to have been, found it was gone! Being only a very little girl, she was so much frightened that she ran quickly back to bed again, and fell fast asleep.

Meantime, the poor Papa-Island was in great distress, for of course, he could not go himself to pull out his son, and whom could he send?

“Will no one help me?” he said, and suddenly a small voice answered:

“I will.”

Now, a family of birds lived at the end of the Island and he had given them a pleasant home, and had been kind to them in many ways, and they were fond of him. It was one of these who had spoken.

“I am afraid you cannot help me, little bird,” he said, sadly. “I need someone who is very strong, and who can pull my naughty son out of the water, and put him back by my side. He has

run away from me, and there you see all that is left of him." The bird looked, and saw only the very top of the oak-tree, waving mournfully to and fro.

"Well," he said, "that is, of course, a difficult task, but I think, nevertheless, that I can help you, for I am a *King*-bird, and one is not a king for nothing. You have been kind to me and my family, and in return, I am glad to do this for you."

"But how?"

"Have patience, and you will see," was the answer.

The King-bird now flew to the highest point on the Island, and gave a very loud piercing whistle, which was immediately answered from the mainland, and repeated over and over again, from the right, from the left, and then sounding fainter and fainter as it came from a distance.

"Now," said the King-bird, "my subjects all know that I desire their presence here, at once."

He had scarcely finished speaking when overhead a faint "whirring" noise was heard, which

grew louder and louder till it sounded like the "roar of many waters," and soon tens, hundreds, thousands of birds of all kinds appeared, and bowing low to the King-bird, said :

"What does your Majesty wish us to do?"

"Something that will be very difficult, I fear," said he, "but something which I feel sure, will be done by you, my loyal subjects, if anyone on earth or in air can do it."

At this the birds all cheered, and I wish you could have heard that liquid, musical cheer, for the lark led it.

"Now," continued his Majesty, "go at once, and lift that small Island, which you see out there, and put it back here," and he pointed to the place where it had been.

"We will, we will," shouted all the birds, courageously, and off they flew. Can you believe me when I tell you that they actually did do this wonderful thing? They pulled that small Island up by means of the oak tree (which you remember was partly above water) each one taking a twig, and all pulling together, and as there were

many wonderfully strong birds, eagles and others, among them, they succeeded in doing it, and placed the wet, shivering little Island by his father's side, once more !

“Thank you, my subjects, I am indeed proud of you,” said the King-bird, while the big and little Island thanked the birds over and over again, till they were hoarse. And the sun, raising his big round, red face above the water, shone upon them all with warm approval.

When Geraldine got up the next morning, she ran to the window, and there was the wee Island, just where he had always been. So she said nothing about what she had seen the night before, because she thought she must have been dreaming. After breakfast, the children said to their father :

“May we not go to the Island to-day, and take luncheon in our “dining-room” ?

“Yes,” said Mr. Arnold, “and Mamma and I will go, too.” So off they all went, Disobedience with them.

When they got there, their father said : “I will take the lunch-basket to the dining-room.” When

he came to the bridge, he found only half a bridge, the other half being broken off, and having fallen partly into the water. The small Island, too, was wet, very wet, all the leaves of the oak tree fairly dripping with water.

“Well,” said Mr. Arnold, “how did this happen? A big wave must have washed completely over the little Island, breaking the bridge on its way, and yet I really don’t see how it could have done so.”

The poor wee Island hung his head in shame. The children felt badly to think that their pretty bridge was broken, although there was *one* who was much delighted at the accident, and that was Disobedience. He laughed till his fat sides ached, and I really don’t think he was very much to blame, for the bridge had certainly not treated him well. Geraldine was the only one who suspected what had really happened, and she told her father, what she had seen in the night. He laughed heartily and said: “That was only a dream, dear little girl.”

But the two Islands, Geraldine, you and I know that it was *not* a dream.



THE BOLD BAD BICYCLE.

THERE was once a Bicycle, who lived in a city, in a big shop with hundreds of other bicycles. He was a happy-hearted little fellow, although, if the truth must be told, somewhat vain of his fine appearance. He had gorgeous silver mountings, the best of rubber tires, and a sweet-toned bell, to warn people that he was coming. He was just finished at the time I write, and had been sent to the shop from the manufactory only the night before. The workmen knew when they made him, that he was a very fine machine, light, strong, and perfectly made in every respect, and as he stood there finished before them, bright and shining, they were proud of him. But just how bright he really was, they never suspected, for he had not only a strong will of his

own, but could also reason and think, all of which was quite unusual in a bicycle.

When he arrived at the big shop, he was delighted, for the others seemed so glad to see him, and welcomed him cordially. They told him about the different machines, and that, in all probability he would soon be sold, and taken by his master to see the big world. They gave him much good advice, telling him to always obey and try to be good, although they confessed that they, take them as a whole, were rather a "fast" lot.

Well, that very morning, our Bicycle was taken out to be looked at by a gentleman, who wanted to buy one for his son. The proprietor pointed out all his good points, till the little fellow was so delighted with himself that he could not stand alone, but leaned against the wall for support. The gentleman finally said :

"I am much pleased with this bicycle. My son shall come next week and look at it, and if he likes it, I will buy it."

Now all this day, and through the night, the

Bicycle was thinking, "I shall see the world; but, oh, how can I wait till next week? That man said I was beautiful,—well, he is quite right, I am. I heard him say, too, that the lighter the machine, the greater the speed. Dear me, if that is so, how awfully fast I could go if I had *no rider*." Suddenly a magnificent thought came to him, a thought that made his nickel-plated heart, cold though it was, beat fast. He knew that at five o'clock every morning the janitor opened the big door, while he swept out the place.

Now, what do you suppose this audacious bicycle planned to do? Simply this. When the man went to the back part of the shop to get his broom, he would slip off quietly, and see the world, *all alone*. "No one shall pull my ears and tell me to 'go this way, and go that way.' No, I shall go whichever way pleases me." You can imagine, that once having made up his mind to do this thing, he slept but little. He heard the big clock at the corner strike "*three*," then "*four*," then "*five*." The hour had come, and soon footsteps were heard, the big door was unlocked, and

hooked back as usual, and the man went off for his broom. Now was the Bicycle's chance, and silently, swiftly, he glided away.

Out of the door, across the sidewalk and with a big *bump* down into the street, for being a bright little fellow, he knew, although no one had told him, that the sidewalk was not the proper place for a bicycle. Oh, how happy he was, how free he felt. The street was quite deserted at this early hour, and so no one was astonished at seeing a bicycle whizzing along faster than any bicycle had ever been known to go before, turning to the right or left, as the fancy struck him, and with no rider! Soon he met a dog, a large St. Bernard, stout and dignified, who had lived a long life, and knew much more than he ever told. He glanced at the Bicycle, and then—then—his two eyes grew as big as saucers and with one agonized howl of terror, he was *off*. The Bicycle laughed and hurried on. His next encounter was with a sad-looking horse drawing a milk-wagon, who gave one look at him, and then like the dog, ran away, scattering the milk-cans over the road as he went. His master,

when he came out of the house, stared in astonishment to find him gone.

“I really did n't know the fellow could run,” he said, but then *he* had n't seen the riderless bicycle.

On and on sped the machine. He now kept meeting people, and they acted very much as the horse and dog had done, being greatly alarmed at the strange sight. The Bicycle finding that no one could possibly catch him, had a fine time. He would go up slowly till he was quite near somebody, and then, just as he put out his hand to catch him, *whizz*, he was a block away, leaving the man behind gasping with surprise. People shouted, horses shied, dogs barked, and the police were at their wit's end. Accidents were reported in all parts of the city, from runaway horses who had caught sight of our friend.

“Arrest that bicycle,” demanded the people; “it is dangerous.”

“Willingly,” said the police, “but how? No train, horse, nor bicycle can catch it.”

But fortunately for the city, the Bicycle, after

a few hours of sport, grew tired of the noise and confusion, and went out into the country. As he went at the rate of five miles a minute, he found himself in about five minutes twenty-five miles away on a lovely wooded country road. There he stopped to rest, for he was tired, "rubber tires," you know. Oh, what a glorious morning he had spent. He had laughed so much to see everybody flying from him, and then, when they had tried to catch him, that surely was funnier than all.

While he was laughing again at the remembrance, two boys came up to him.

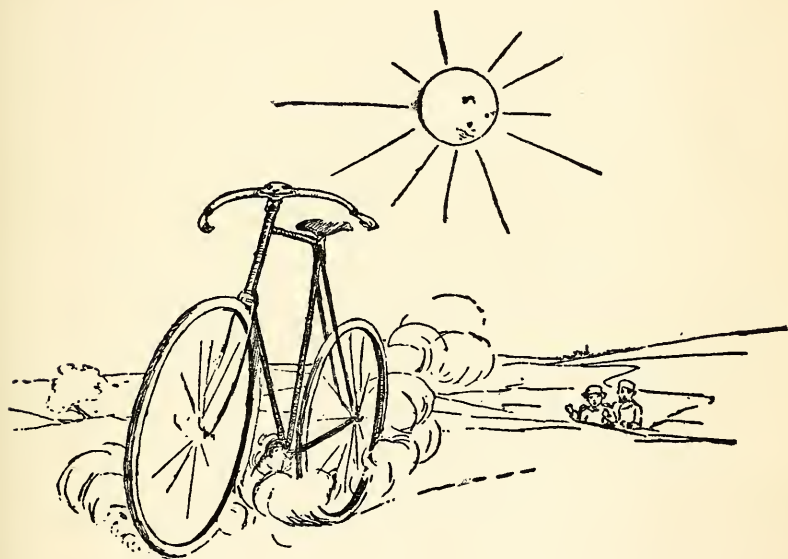
"I wonder who that stunning machine belongs to," said one.

"To somebody who is very careless to leave it here," said the other.

"Let 's try it, just for a few feet," and the first speaker raised one leg to mount, when, *whizz*, all they saw of the Bicycle was a small black speck on a hill about two miles off! The boys were badly frightened, I assure you.

At last, the Bicycle felt that it was time for

him to go home. Every bicycle, like every dog, must have his day, and he felt that he had had his; but now, he longed to tell them all at home about his travels. "I must wait till darkness



comes," he said, "so that I may get into the shop without being seen." So when night came, back he crept, meeting scarcely anyone on the way. When he reached the shop, he found, alas, that it was closed for the night. This possibility he had quite forgotten. Creeping up in the doorway, he

leaned sadly against the wall, when suddenly he caught sight of a notice nailed against the door, and looking at it more closely read: "Stolen from this shop," and then followed a description of *him*. He laughed so heartily at this, that he almost fell down. Then he waited and waited, till at last the big clock at the corner struck "*five*," when he crept silently round in the half darkness and hid himself in the side doorway till he heard the man unlocking the door. Then, when he went for his broom, back crept the Bicycle and took his old place among the others, who welcomed him with shouts of glee. He told them of his adventures, and oh, how they laughed.

"The proprietor was very angry when he found that you were gone," they said. "He thought, of course, someone must have stolen you, and oh, how surprised he will be when he comes in this morning, and finds you here."

And indeed he was. He came in soon after with a friend, and the bicycles heard him say:

"Yes, 't was a very bold thing to do. The thief must have walked in through the door and

taken the bicycle. There was where it stood [pointing], and what? Do my eyes deceive me? *There is the bicycle, now!!* Look, look," he said, very much excited, "the thief has actually brought back the machine. It is covered with dust, and whoever stole it must have ridden a long distance."

"Indeed he did," shouted all the bicycles, laughing heartily, but the proprietor did not notice them.

"I will find the thief who took that bicycle," said he, "if it takes me years to do it"; but although he made every effort, he never did find him, for beside the bicycles, you and I are the only ones who know who the real thief was, and *we* will never tell, will we?





THE LADY OF SNOW.

ONE day, the poor bare, brown earth awoke and looked sadly up into the sky. The green grass, the pretty, bright flowers, and tender leaves had left him long ago, and he knew he was no longer beautiful. The sky saw this, and moved by pity, threw over him a soft, white mantle. First she sent down a few feathery stars. Then, well pleased at the effect, more and more, and faster and faster they came, till the trees, the bare fields, and houses were hidden by the pure, white covering, till surely no one could have suspected the hard ugliness beneath. At last, when all was done, the clouds rested, and the big sun shone out, glad that he had something so beautiful to look upon.

In one of the houses, a little girl stood at the

window. "Mamma, Mamma," she called, "may I not go out into the beautiful new world?" and Mamma consenting, out she went, first putting on her thick coat and hood and big rubber boots.

"Now," said Eleanor, "I will make a snow-man. No, I don't think I will make a snow-man. Every one does that. I will make a *snow-woman*."



So the little maid rolled up the soft, damp snow into a huge ball, gently sloping it at the back for the graceful sweep of the long train. On this another ball was placed for the body, and on this again a third, smaller one, for the well shaped

head. Then Eleanor running to the house, returned with a handful of cranberries. Two were pressed firmly into the head for eyes. A third she squeezed hard, rubbing the red juice on the firm white cheeks, which blushed astonishingly beneath her touch. Four cranberries placed side by side made the soft red mouth of this wonderful snow-lady, and then I wish you could have seen her. Eleanor again ran to the house, and got a summer gardening hat, and an old red shawl, which shawl had long been regarded as the cat's undisputed property—but the poor lady's need was great. The straw hat was placed on her head, and the faded green strings tied under her chin, and the little girl smiled, well pleased at the fiery, blushing face before her. Perhaps the lady had reason to blush, for as yet, poor thing, she was entirely unclothed. But Eleanor quickly remedied that by folding the warm shawl tenderly about the slender figure, crossing and pinning it in front. Just as she did this, a gentle voice said :

“Thank you, dear.” She turned but saw no one.

Again the voice said: "Thank you for the shawl," and then the child started back in astonishment, for the words had come from the cranberry lips of the Snow-Lady.

"Why, Lady, Lady," she stammered when she was able to speak at all, "I never knew before that snow-people could speak."

"Snow-*men* can't," said the Lady, "and 't is snow-men that children usually make, but you, little girl, have made a snow-*woman*, and women always talk more than men."

"Why, yes," said Eleanor, "I have often heard my Papa say that."

She was delighted with her new friend and spent the entire day with her. It had grown warmer, and the heat seemed to affect the Snow-Lady, for as the day wore on, she became greatly depressed. When at last night came, and Mamma called her to come in, Eleanor put her arms about the Lady and kissed her affectionately on her red lips.

"Good-night, I will come to you to-morrow," she whispered, but the Lady gave her a tender, melting look, and said sadly:

“You have been very kind to me, dear little girl. Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.”

Eleanor running back, gave her one more kiss, and turning at the door, saw the Snow-Lady's face, now so sad, still looking at her.

“No wonder she feels badly to be left alone through the long night,” thought Eleanor, “but I will go to her the very first thing to-morrow.” With this thought she fell asleep. And as she slept, a gentle “pat-pat-pattering” was heard outside, which continued all through the night, and in the morning when Eleanor looked from her little window, there was the bare brown earth again,—the beautiful snow was gone.

“My Lady, my dear Snow-Lady,” she cried, and dressing quickly she hurried out to her. But alas, when she reached the spot there lay in a sad little heap only the old red shawl, and on it the green trimmed straw bonnet. And Eleanor felt as if the whole beautiful, white world of yesterday and the lovely Lady of Snow, who had looked so sadly at her, had been but a dream.



HOW THE ANDIRONS TOOK A WALK.

IN a big open fireplace, polished and clean,
A glorious, rollicking fire was seen,
But its Andirons, standing erect, tall and
stiff,
Were wondering—wondering—wondering if——

“T were better to stay there, supporting that wood,
For that’s what they did, as good andirons should,
Or go into the garden, and jump all about,
And canter and gallop, and caper and shout?”

And one said, “*I*, now, am for running away,
I think it outrageous, that we two must stay
Standing perfectly quiet, as if on the rack,
While this merciless fire is burning our back,”

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“That’s so,” said the other, “it does not seem
right

That we with our polish, I know we are bright,
Are never invited to houses about,
While even the fire’s allowed to go out!”

“Then let us go, now,” said these bold brassy
brothers,

“We will take for ourselves, what is *given* to
others,

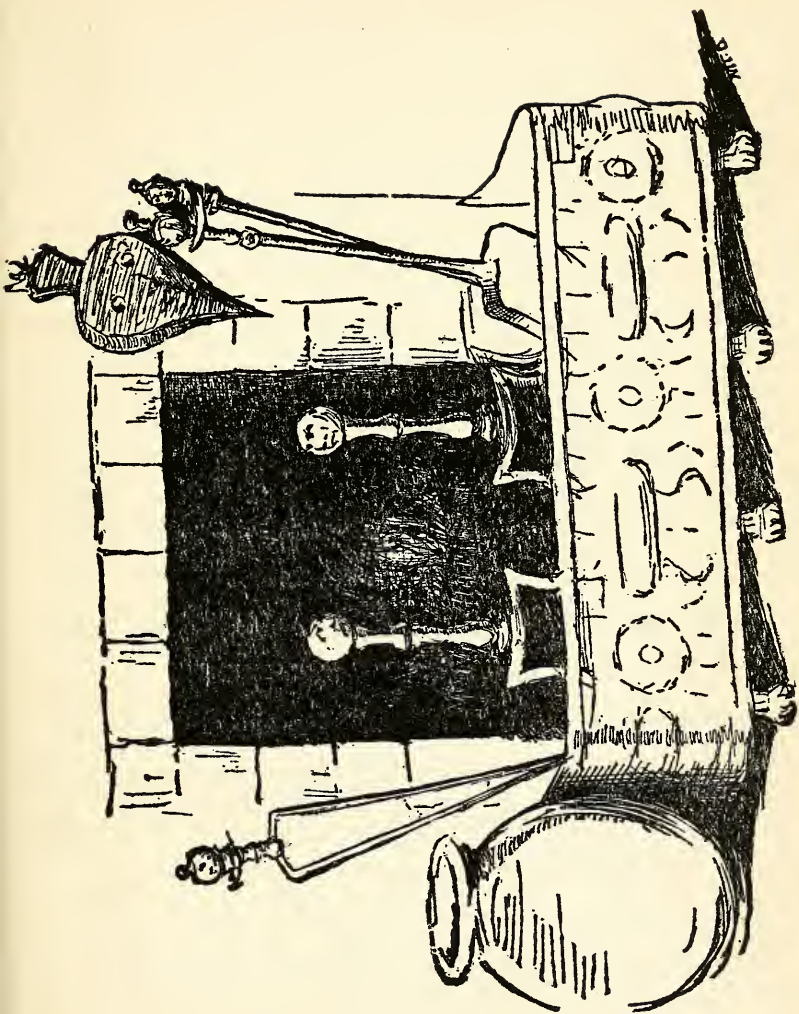
We’ll go for a holiday, hip, hip, hurrah!
Good-bye, Mr. Bellows, we’re not going far.”

“We’ll go by the big chair,” said one, “to the
hall,

And keep close together, so neither can fall.”

“Of course,” said the other, “together we’ll stay,
But I’ll be the leader, and show you the way.

“First over the fender, and round by that stool—”
Interrupted the other; “I think you’re a fool



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To suppose for one moment that I'm such a
tender,
As to try with three legs to jump over that fender."

"Of the sense in your brass knob I've long been
in doubt,
If we don't jump that fender, how shall we get
out?"

"Why, *kick* it down, addlepate, that is the way."

"'Addlepate, addlepate,' what's that you say?"

"You can kick it yourself then, I'm not such an
ass,

As to wear out my poor legs, a-kickin' of brass."

"You're a stupid, cantankerous, obstinate chump
If you won't kick that fender, and I'll *never*
jump."

"Hush, hush," said the Bellows and Shovel and
Tongs,

"Just stay in the fireplace, and settle your wrongs,

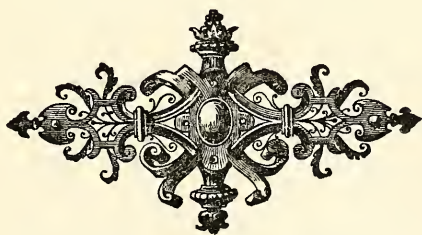
How the Andirons Took a Walk. 241

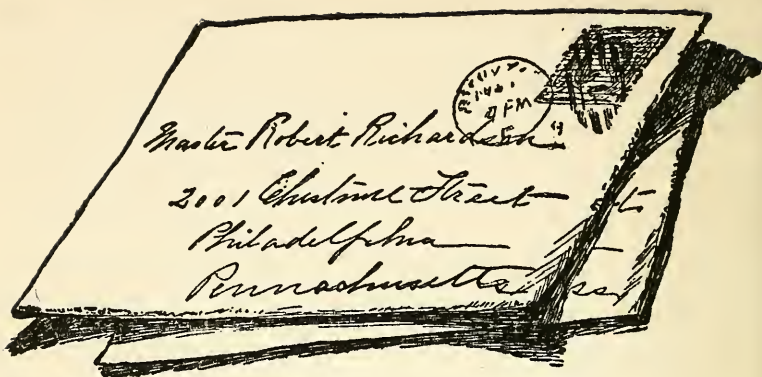
Stand under the embers, and finish your talk,
You 're both much too heated to go for a walk."

"Oh, yes," said the Poker, "'t is much better taste
For each of us brethren to stay where he's
placed."

"Very well," said the Andirons, and each hung his
head,

And in the hot ashes, they both went to bed.





“ACHUSETTS’S RIDE TO PHILADELPHIA.”

ONE time a letter was put into the box, directed to—

Miss Margaret Van Duff,
Salem,

Massachusetts.

It was sent by a little girl to her cousin, and contained a pretty Christmas card. Unfortunately, in directing it, Gladys put the *achusetts* so very near the edge of the envelope, that when the letter was dropped into the box “Achusetts”

fell off. He was n’t hurt in the least, for he fell on a round soft newspaper. Stopping a moment to hear the news, he hopped nimbly down on to a thin foreign-looking letter.

“Where are you going?” said Achusetts.

“To Germany,” was the answer, proudly given.

“Then, upon my word, I think I will join you,” said Achusetts, “and I am very glad that I happened to meet you.”

“The pleasure is mutual,” said the German letter, politely, “but as to taking you with me to Germany, that I cannot do. I am sorry, but you see, it costs a great deal of money to go there. My poor master had to give five cents to pay my passage over, and it would be a great imposition, if you were to join me.”

Achusetts, although disappointed, saw the force of this reasoning, and wishing the traveller a pleasant voyage, left him. Achusetts had never been in a letter-box before, and found much to interest him. New letters kept dropping in, through the one door, and as they all talked at once, it soon

seemed very much like an afternoon tea. One letter was crying bitterly.

"What is the matter with her?" asked little Achusetts, of a very dirty letter, who was sitting near.

"Going to the dead-letter office; they forgot to put on the stamp," was the answer.

"Oh," said Achusetts pityingly, for among letters it is considered a terrible disgrace to be sent to the dead-letter office.

Just then, someone said: "It is time for the postman to come."

"Oh," said Achusetts frightened, "then I must hurry back to my own letter."

But do you know, although he searched everywhere, the poor little fellow could not *find* his letter. The box was very dark, and filled almost to the top. The postman now appeared, and took out all the letters, leaving poor Achusetts behind, in spite of his piteous cries to be allowed to go with the others. The box was then locked, and he was alone. His sobs and cries echoed through the lonely iron house. Suddenly,

“click,” a New York letter was dropped in. She was very kind and sympathetic with Achusetts, when she heard his story, but was powerless to help.

“But don’t cry,” she said, “many letters are dropped in here with only ‘Mass’ on them, and there will be your chance.”

“Click,” and at that very moment another letter was dropped in. She was a gorgeous creature, dressed in pale violet, and with a beautiful violet wax buckle at her back. She was addressed to—

Miss Violet Blueblood,
2000 Beacon St.,
Boston, Mass.

But alas, this address took up so much of the envelope, that there proved to be no room for poor little Achusetts. And letter after letter was dropped in, and still there seemed to be no chance for him. Again the time came for the postman, they heard his key in the lock, when suddenly Achusetts caught sight of a letter lying near ad-

dressed to "Philadelphia, Penn." It was very dark in the letter-box, and poor Achusetts's eyes were swollen with crying, so he mistook the *Penn* for *Mass*.

"That is where I belong," he thought, "right up near the Mass, and there is plenty of room for me, too. But I am not going to ask this letter to let me get on, because I have been refused so many times.

So just as the postman slid the letters out, Achusetts scrambled quickly on the envelope, and threw his arms tightly about Penn till he was firmly stuck. Penn struggled wildly to escape, but in vain. When they got out into the light, what was Achusetts's horror to find that he had fastened himself on to a *Penn* instead of a *Mass*, But the mischief was done; they could not separate, although they were very much afraid that Achusetts's unfortunate blunder would send them to the dead-letter office. But the letter did, after all, reach its destination, although little Robert Richardson was very much surprised, and laughed heartily to get a letter addressed to him at—

2001 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennachusetts.

As for the other letter on which Achusetts belonged, and from which he fell, that, too, reached in safety Margaret Van Duff at
Salem,
Mass——

Still, you can see how important it is, children, to direct your envelopes *very* carefully, or part, or possibly the whole, of the address may tumble off and the letters never reach the people for whom they are intended.





THE MOUSE'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

THERE was once a Mouse, who lived up in the tall steeple of a church. It was really a pleasant place to live in for many reasons. It was quiet, the air was good, the view very beautiful, and there were no cats there. In fact, only one thing troubled the Mouse, and as he grew older, it troubled him more and more. And that was the Bell, a big, sullen-looking iron Bell, which hung in the tower. It was rung every night at nine, and the noise it made was dreadful. The Mouse talked to the Bell again and again, and told him rudely to "hold his tongue," but it was of no use. Each night, just as he had sunk' into his first doze, "clang, clang" would go the Bell. "Nine o'clock, nine o'clock," it seemed

to say, and the poor Mouse would wake up, shivering with terror.

“Suppose it is nine o'clock,” he would sob; “you can't prevent its being nine o'clock, and what are you going to do about it?” But it had a heart of iron and was not touched.

One evening, the Mouse climbed directly on the Bell itself, and sat there admiring the sunset. He became drowsy, and quite forgetting where he was, fell fast asleep. He was awakened by a most horrible noise. He felt the ground, as he thought, rock beneath him. Suddenly he remembered where he was, that it was nine o'clock, and that the Bell was beginning its nightly duty!

“Clang, clang,” it said.

The poor Mouse jumped frantically from one side to the other, and screamed:

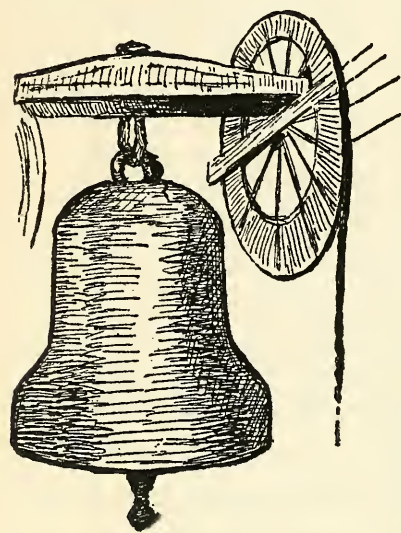
“Stop, stop, let me get off!” but it did not stop, and, at last, becoming dizzy, he staggered—lost his footing—and *fell!*

Down, down, down he went, striking on the stone floor of the tower, many feet below. He was not killed, but he was much bruised. All

through the long night he lay there, and got up the next morning, feeling stiff and miserable, and very, very angry.

“I will punish that wicked bell,” he said. “I can't bite him, that I know, for I tried to once and could n't. His skin is fearfully tough. I wish he would fall, just as I did, the heartless monster,” he sobbed.

But suddenly his sobs ceased, and his eyes brightened, for an idea had come to him. The



Bell, of course, he could not bite, but how about that rope *above* it and on which it hung? “If I gnaw through that, the Bell will fall—hurrah,” he squealed, and at once began his work. “Gnaw, gnaw, gnaw,” went the sharp little teeth, and before long, a tiny strand snapped. He stopped for

a moment and laughed.

“Stop gnawing, you small wretch,” roared the Bell. “I will punish you.”

“Oh, no, you can't hurt me,” said the Mouse, and the Bell, feeling that this was so, trembled with rage, knowing that he was powerless, although big and strong, and with a tongue mightier than any pen.

“You can't even speak till nine o'clock to-night,” said the Mouse, “and it shall be my pleasing duty to see that even then you remain silent,” and he chuckled in great glee. Then he began again, “gnaw, gnaw, gnaw.” Snap, went another strand, and before very long the rope gave way entirely, and *down* went the big Bell with a tremendous crash that seemed to shake the very building!

But, oh, little Mouse, poor little Mouse, how did it happen? With it, *he* fell too! He had been sitting on the Bell, you know, and had gnawed the rope above his head. When that broke, down came the Bell, and he being on it, had to come too. When some men, hearing the crash, rushed up the stairs, to see what had hap-

pened, they found the Bell on the stone floor, broken in many pieces, while under it lay the poor Mouse, quite, quite dead.

You see, we can never injure others without danger of injuring ourselves.





THE TAIL OF A MOUSE.

ONCE upon a time a wee Mouse crept from his hole, and, crossing the room, suddenly appeared upon my writing table. I like mice, and he may have known it. Anyway, there he sat, winking his beady little eyes roguishly at me. I knew that mice often have very thrilling experiences, forcing their way without invitation or encouragement into the houses of the rich and poor alike, and going from attic to cellar, from boudoir to butler's pantry, and I thought, "Now, perhaps this little fellow will tell me the story of his life, that I may again tell it to my children." So I said, very politely :

"Most beautiful Mouse, will you not kindly tell me the tale of your life?"

"Well," said the Mouse, very indignantly, "if

you cannot see my tail, my beautiful tail, yourself, from the beginning to the end, I think you must be stupid, and I really cannot waste my valuable time in talking with you."

So away he went, and as he took his tail with him, I am very sorry to say that I am unable to tell it to *you*.





